

No 442

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5 Cents.

# FAME <sup>AND</sup> FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF  
BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

## A SMART NEW YORK BOY OR FROM THE TENEMENTS TO WALL ST. *AND OTHER STORIES*

*By A Self-Made Man*



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# Fame and Fortune Weekly

## STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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No. 442.

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Price 5 Cents.

# A Smart New York Boy

OR,

## FROM THE TENEMENTS TO WALL ST.

By A SELF-MADE MAN

### CHAPTER I.

#### A BOY IN HARD LUCK.

"I hope I'll get a job to-day," said Tom Duncan to himself, as he sallied forth from a cheap lodging-house on the Bowery near Chatham Square. "My money is almost gone, and if I don't catch on to something right away I don't know where I'll fetch up—maybe on the Island as a vagrant, for the cops are quick to pull in chaps who look down on their luck. They've got to make a showing for their wages."

Tom was a New York boy, born and brought up in the big city, like thousands of other boys whose lots are cast in humble circumstances, and yet at the time we introduce him to the reader's attention he had no home, nor a friend he could call upon for assistance.

He had never dreamed how friendless a person can find himself in his native place when misfortune jumps on him with both feet, so to speak.

It wasn't so long since that he was living with his parents in a cheap but comfortable flat on the upper East Side.

Then he had all he wanted to eat, a good bed to sleep in, and when he graduated from the public school his father did not think it necessary to put him at work to help out the family resources, but sent him to the high school to add a few frills to his common school education.

He was half through his third year at high school when Fate, with little consideration for his feelings or his youth, dumped him on the toboggan.

The first blow was the sudden death of his mother.

That threw the internal economy of his home out of gear.

His father, who was a carpenter, with a steady job at union wages, took his wife's death so much to heart that he quit work and took to drinking, an old failing he had cured himself of, to drown his sorrow.

The stoppage of income, added to the expenses incident to the burial of his wife, brought his finances to low-water mark, and a threat of dispossession from his landlord.

That woke him up; he pulled himself together and got a new job.

Then came the second blow.

On the second day after Duncan, Sr., returned to work, he slipped off the roof of a three-story house, fell to the ground and broke his neck.

Thus within two months Tom found himself an orphan.

His father having permitted his life insurance policy to lapse, there was little money to pay an undertaker.

To save his last parent from the potter's field, Tom sold all the furniture to a second-hand dealer for a fraction of its value, had his father respectably buried in the same grave with his mother, and returned from the cheap funeral to find him-

self homeless, with five dollars in his pocket, which the undertaker, who happened to have a heart, handed him when he learned he was flat broke.

Then Tom put up at a lodging-house, where the price was 25 cents for what was called a room, but was actually a narrow space between two unpainted board partitions wide enough to hold a cot and leave space for one to stand beside it.

These partitions ran the length of two sides of the third floor of an ancient building on the Bowery, which probably had a history as long as your arm.

At any rate, there were many old buildings all the way from the Brooklyn Bridge up Park Row and beyond Chatham Square, dating from times before the Civil War, that if their records could be unfolded to the light would furnish plots for a score of lurid melodramas of the old school.

Tom took his meals anywhere he happened to be when he was hungry, and the places he patronized were cheap hash-houses.

He was young, had a good digestion, and could stand them.

Every day he hunted for work at places that advertised for help in the morning papers.

Two or three of the big dailies printed six and eight columns of such advertisements, and one would think it was easy to pick up a job, especially when you were not over particular as to the kind of work.

But Tom didn't find it easy at all.

Every place he went he found many applicants before and after him.

It was surprising how many boys were looking for work, and it was even more surprising how boys inferior in attainments to himself got the preference over him.

Why? It was just luck.

When you're on life's toboggan, nothing comes your way.

Then when you land on your feet, owing to a turn for the better in your affairs, how many opportunities appear to turn up.

When Tom left the lodging-house that morning he was at the end of his resources, and also, fortunately, at the end of the toboggan.

He was not feeling very cheerful, as he had no line on his future.

He was still hopeful, but not the same kind of hope with which he started out ten days before.

The sky was blue above his head, and he might be excused if he felt as blue, perhaps a darker shade, as the sky.

Although the backbone of winter had been reported as broken some days since, that hoary old rascal made a last effort to prove the weather sharps were liars, and engineered a heavy snowfall, which now clogged the streets, though the



Street Cleaning Department was doing its best to get the dirty soft stuff out of the way.

The morning was bright and balmy, and the parks were rapidly filling up with steady loungers who, unlike Tom, felt that the world owed them a living without any effort on their part.

"We all know that the world repudiates that debt, and rarely helps anybody who does not try to help himself.

Tom would gladly have helped clean the streets if his services were asked for, but he did not know where to apply, and he wouldn't have been taken on if he had.

He walked down the street, crossed Chatham Square and entered Park Row.

He carried more than a dozen advertisements in his pocket he had cut from one of the morning papers.

He was bound for a place on Spruce street as a beginner.

His usual luck attended him there, so he crossed the lower end of City Hall Park to Broadway, aiming for an address on Warren street.

As he was about to cross Broadway he saw an altercation between a well-dressed man and a street cleaner helping to load a cart with snow.

The man was clearly very angry, for he shook his fist at the worker, who was a tough-looking nut.

As he turned away his foot slipped on a piece of frozen slush, and he fell in the gutter.

The street cleaner raised his snow-shovel, and was upon the point of striking the fallen man, when Tom rushed up behind him and seized both of his wrists.

Instantly a scene of the greatest excitement ensued among the snow shovelers who were looking on.

Two of them made a rush at the boy as their comrade turned around fiercely to see who had interfered with him.

Luckily for Tom, who would have been roughly handled, a policeman came along.

He asked what the trouble was, and Tom explained, pointing at the stranger, who had recovered his feet.

The man then accused the snow shoveler of bumping him into a snow heap, and wanted him arrested.

The policeman adjusted the matter on a peaceful basis and walked on.

"I'm much obliged to you, boy, for coming to my assistance," said the stranger in a friendly tone. "What's your name?"

"Tom Duncan," replied the boy.

"You are on your way to work, I suppose?"

"No, sir; I'm looking for work."

"What sort of job are you looking for?"

"Anything that I can earn a living at."

The man looked at him attentively.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"Nowhere in particular. I haven't a home now, and am hanging out at a cheap lodging-house on the Bowery."

The gentleman looked surprised at his answer.

"You don't look like a boy in hard luck," he said.

"I've been up against hard luck ever since my mother died about ten weeks ago. I had a comfortable home then, and my father was doing well at the carpenter business, while I was attending the high school. My mother's death broke my father all up, and he stopped working and began drinking. Two weeks ago he braced up and started to work again. On the second day he fell from the roof of the building he was working on and was killed. I had to sell our furniture to get money to bury him, and that threw me out on the world. That's the whole story."

"You have been up against it pretty bad, young man. Our meeting may prove fortunate for you. How would you like to work in Wall Street?"

"First rate, sir."

"Very well. Here is my business card. Call upon me in half an hour. I need a boy in my office, and I will give you a chance to make good."

"Thank you, sir," replied Tom, delighted at the prospect of getting to work.

The gentleman walked rapidly off down Broadway, and Tom read the card over.

It ran as follows:

"Richard Harlow, Stocks and Bonds, Member of the Stock Exchange, No. — Wall Street, New York City."

"He's a stock-broker, and he said he would give me a chance to make good in his office," said Tom, in a tone of satisfaction. "I guess I've fallen on my feet at last. Time I did, for I've got only a dime left. I'll have to strike Mr. Harlow for enough to carry me over till Saturday. A fellow can't live on air alone."

Thus speaking, Tom, after getting the time from a store clock, started down Broadway himself at a slow pace.

## CHAPTER II.

### A RASCAL AND HIS VICTIM.

Tom walked into Broker Barlow's office about the designated time, asked for the gentleman, and was shown into his private room.

In the course of his conversation with the broker he mentioned the financial stringency he was suffering from, and he received a \$5 bill to help him out.

Then he was put to work as office boy and messenger.

When he was in the office his duty was to show visitors into the boss' room, if that gentleman was in, answer questions put to him by callers, and be at the beck and call of the cashier.

Business happened to be slow in Wall Street at that time, so he found his work comparatively easy during the rest of his first week.

He was paid \$6 for a full week, and he offered to return the \$5 he had received in advance, but Harlow told him to forget about it.

Business was brisker the following week, and Tom had many errands to go on every day, but he put them through all right, for he was determined to show that he was able to fill the bill right up to the handle.

Both the broker and the cashier were satisfied with his efforts, and after he got his second pay envelope he was regarded as a fixture.

Tom gradually got acquainted with many of the messenger boys employed in the Street.

Some he liked and others he didn't care much for.

One of the latter was a stout boy named Cady, who worked for an Exchange Place trader.

He was a great bluffer, and something of a bully.

When he blew into the messengers' entrance of the Exchange you would think he owned the building.

If the rail was crowded with waiting boys he wouldn't stand back and wait his chance as he was expected to do, but would squeeze himself in between two of the easiest looking boys, and as a result somebody was forced out, and a kick took place.

Cady being big and aggressive, he got away with the trick every time until he happened to try it on Tom and another boy.

He recognized Tom as a newcomer, and did not expect much opposition from him.

He was mistaken.

Rushing in one morning about eleven o'clock, he saw that the rail was full.

He jabbed his elbow in between Tom and a small, fat youth named Munson, intending to squeeze in between them, or rather shove the fat boy out of his place.

"Here, what are you doing?" cried Tom, resisting his efforts.

"What do you s'pose I'm doing?" grinned Cady, continuing his tactics.

"There's no room here. Stand back and wait your chance," said Tom.

"Aw, forget it!" said Cady.

Tom swung his own elbow, and hit Cady a crack in the chest.

"What did you do that for?" cried Cady, angrily.

"To teach you to keep your place."

"Are you looking for trouble?" said Cady, with a scowl.

"No, but you can't butt in here and shove this chap out."

Cady dug in again, and Tom handed him another dig that took his breath.

The bully thereupon punched him in the back.

Tom turned around and gave him a shove that sent him back a couple of feet.

By this time all the boys were on to the racket.

None of them liked Cady, and nothing would have suited them better than to see him done up, but they had no idea such a thing would happen.

It was the first time Cady had received a set-back and he lost his temper over it.

He struck out at Tom's face with all his might.

Tom dodged and, seeing that Cady meant mischief, he struck back, landing on that lad's jaw and knocking him down and out.

That created a good deal of excitement around the rail, and attracted the attention of one of the attaches.

As scrapping among the boys inside the Exchange was not tolerated, Tom was in danger of getting into a lot of trouble over what he had done.



The attache, however, had not seen the blow struck, and did not know who was responsible for the downing of Cady.

The other boys wouldn't give Tom away.

They were quite tickled over his exhibition of prowess, and felt that Lem Cady had met his match at last, and would probably not get so gay with the rights of others in the future.

So the attachee had to content himself with expressing his sentiments, and a warning to the boys to cut out punching one another in the future or something would happen to the guilty ones.

Tom delivered the note he brought and got out before Cady was sufficiently recovered to take any further action.

He determined to get square with Duncan at the first chance, and he said as much to the crowd in order to save his reputation.

Tom returned to his office, reported to the cashier and sat down to await his next errand.

The door opened, and a sprucely-dressed young fellow of perhaps twenty came in in a jaunty way.

A diamond ring of some value flashed on one finger, and a cigarette was between his lips.

Tom saw him and, getting up, asked him what he wanted.

The visitor stared at him in a supercilious way.

"Who are you?" he asked, almost contemptuously.

The question somewhat astonished the office boy.

He thought the young man had a good deal of nerve to address him that way.

"I am asking you what's your business," said Tom.

The visitor removed the cigarette from his mouth and blew a cloud of smoke.

"You look like a new thing here. Have you taken Joe Sturgess' place?"

"What did you come here for?" asked Tom.

"Because it suited me. Is my uncle in?"

"Your uncle!"

"Richard Harlow, Esquire."

"Is Mr. Harlow your uncle?"

"He was at last accounts. Is he in?"

"No. He's at the Exchange."

"Very well, I'll call again later. You'll know me next time, I dare say."

Thus speaking, the natty looking caller walked out.

As Tom was returning to his seat the cashier called him to his window.

"What did Perry Bates want?" he inquired.

"Perry Bates!" said Tom.

"The young man you were just talking to."

"Is his name Perry Bates?"

"Yes. He's Mr. Harlow's nephew."

"So he told me. He wanted to see Mr. Harlow."

"He's got an awful nerve after what he——"

The cashier stopped short and, after a pause, told Tom that was all.

An hour later Mr. Harlow returned to his office.

Tom was seated in his chair, and he followed the broker into his office to tell him that his nephew had called to see him.

Mr. Harlow frowned and looked annoyed.

"If he calls again, tell him I don't want to see him," he said.

"Very well, sir," said Tom, returning outside.

Perry Bates did not return later, as he said he would—at least he didn't show up before Tom left for the day, at which time the broker had gone away himself.

Tom didn't hang out at the cheap lodging-house now.

He shook the house the day he went to work, and was boarding with a widow on a side street off Third avenue, near the Cooper Institute.

He paid \$1.50 a week for his room, and got his meals at a restaurant.

That evening Tom went to a cheap theater on the Bowery to see a traveling show.

The performance was over at a quarter past eleven, and Tom started to walk home, the distance not being far.

It was a blustering March night toward the end of the month, and a heavy overcoat felt mighty comfortable.

The wind came tearing down the wide Bowery, and whistled around the corners of the side streets.

Fine sport it made with a shivering lad who stood huddled up in a doorway as Tom passed.

The Wall Street boy took him for a tramp, he looked so wretched.

Tom, knowing how narrowly he had escaped the same fate, felt in his pocket for a nickel to hand him, for he could hardly afford a larger sum at that time.

At that moment a blast of wind took his hat off and carried it under a wagon standing at the curb.

Tom ran to recover it.

It took him some moments to find it, for it had got jammed between the spokes of one of the wheels.

While he was extricating it he heard a voice exclaim: "Confound you, what do you want?"

"I want you to help me, Mr. Bates," said a boyish voice, in quivering tones.

"Get out. How dare you stop me on the street, you young thief!"

"Thief! If I am, who made me steal? Who but you, Perry Bates. You ruined me! You profited by my crime! And now when I ask you for a little help you turn me down as though I were a dog."

"Blame your impudence! How dare you——"

"My mother is ill—maybe dying. She never recovered from the shock of the disgrace I brought upon her. I don't ask anything for myself. Give me half a dollar to buy medicine and a little food for her."

"Not a cent. Take yourself off or I'll give you in charge of the policeman standing on the corner."

Tom was astonished at what he heard.

He looked at the speaker and his face, reflected by the nearby gas lamp, was that of his boss' nephew, Perry Bates.

Tom had not been greatly impressed by the young man's personality when he called at the office that afternoon, and from the way he addressed the shivering lad, the same Tom had noticed in the doorway, Duncan did not acquire any better opinion of him.

He was surprised that such a prosperous looking young man should know the young tramp, and he was still more surprised when the lad accused him of making a thief of him and profiting by the crime.

Evidently there was something unusual in this case, and Tom remained where he was out of curiosity to learn more.

"But my mother is dying," persisted the lad.

"Let her die. It's no business of mine," replied Bates, brutally.

"No business of yours! How can you say that?"

"What do you mean? How is it my business?"

"You know that what I earned in your uncle's office kept my mother and I. When I lost my job on account of the game you put me on to, it broke her heart. I would have been arrested and sent to prison or the Reformatory, only your uncle didn't prosecute me. I might have told him the truth, and put you in a hole, but I didn't. I kept my mouth shut, and for that you ought to do the right thing by me."

"You young scoundrel, how dare you insinuate I had anything to do with your crime?" roared Bates.

"I never would have touched the money I took to the bank that day if you hadn't bullied me into it. Then you kept it all yourself, and all I got was the blame of taking it."

"You're a liar! I never told you to take the money. How could I get it and keep it when you took it yourself?"

"You made me hand it over to you."

"You infernal little imp! Take that!"

Perry Bates, white with rage, struck the lad in the face and sent him reeling against the wagon, then pulling his soft hat down over his eyes, he hurried up the street at a rapid pace.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A DARK PICTURE OF A GREAT CITY.

The trampish lad slid to the curb and leaned moaning against the wheel.

Tom, convinced that he was the victim of some rascality on Bates' part, felt awfully sorry for him.

Coming from under the wagon, he went to the lad and helped him up.

"You're in trouble," he said.

"Trouble!" replied the boy, in a hollow tone. "I wish I was dead!"

"Don't say that," said Tom. "Brace up. I will help you if I can."

"You will help me?"

"Yes. I heard what passed between you and that young man, and whether he is the cause of your trouble or not, he treated you in a brutal way."

"He is the cause of everything. He has ruined me. I was getting on all right until he used me as a cat's paw."

"Tell me your name."

"Joe Sturgess."

"Ah! Until recently you were working in Broker Harlow's office?"

"Yes. Did you know me down in Wall Street? I don't recollect you."



"No, I never saw you before to-night; but I went to work for Mr. Harlow about two weeks ago, and I heard that my predecessor's name was Joe Sturgess."

"You are working for Mr. Harlow! Then for heaven's sake beware of his nephew, Perry Bates, the man you saw me talking to. He is a big rascal, and he will try to ruin you as he did me."

"He won't find me as easy a mark as you, particularly as I have a pretty good idea now of his character."

"You don't know him. His uncle thinks he's fine as silk, but he's a sport and a gambler."

"I guess his uncle doesn't think as much of him as he did. He called to see Mr. Harlow to-day, and I've got orders not to admit him to the private office. In fact, Mr. Harlow told me to tell him when he calls again that he doesn't want to see him."

"Then he's found out something, for he never turned him down before."

"This is too cold a spot for you to stand talking to me. You are shivering all over. You'd better have a glass of hot whisky. I'll pay for it. Then I'll let you have half a dollar to buy medicine for your mother with."

Joe expressed his gratitude to Tom, and accompanied him into a saloon to get the hot whisky that he really needed.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, Tom decided to visit the tenement where Joe and his sick mother lived, and see what he could do for the woman.

Tom was poor enough himself, but he had a large heart, and would go hungry rather than see some unfortunate creature suffer.

On their way down a side street from the Bowery, Joe told Tom all the particulars of the theft of \$200 from the day's deposits he carried one day to the bank.

Joe did not attempt to excuse his own guilt, but it was clear from the statement he gave Tom that Perry Bates, as cunning as he was dishonest, was at the bottom of the crime, and was the only one who actually gained by it.

It was after midnight when Joe turned into the entrance of a wretched tenement—a five-story double-decker—and, followed by Tom, passed through the filthy lower hall to the yard in the rear, and thence into the rear building.

The house that Joe and his mother lived in was crowded from the ground floor to the roof.

Even at that hour the tenement was not quiet, although most of the tenants had retired to their beds.

One family was having a party in honor of the christening of the baby.

The scraping of a fiddle, the beat of dancing feet, and a confused hum of voices, mingled with laughter, saluted the ears of Tom and his guide as they crept up the dirty stairway.

Joe opened a door on the next floor.

A lamp was burning low on a cheap table in the room, which was furnished with a stove, chairs, a closet holding dishes, and other things.

"Poor mother! She was groaning with pain when I went out," said Joe. "I don't hear her now."

"She has probably fallen asleep. Don't make any noise," said Tom.

Joe took up the lamp and went into an adjoining room, where his mother lay in bed.

Holding up the light, he looked at the still figure, with half open eyes and dropped jaw.

Her appearance alarmed the lad.

"Mother! mother!" he cried. "Speak to me."

She would never speak to him again, for she was dead.

As the truth began to dawn on the boy, he uttered a wailing cry that brought Tom into the room.

He was better acquainted with the symptoms of death than Joe, and he saw at a glance that all was over with Mrs. Sturgess.

"Your mother's troubles are over—she is dead," he said in pitying tones.

Joe understood and gave way to a burst of grief.

Tom let him wail till he stopped of his own accord, then he led him into the next room and talked sympathetically to him.

"You'd better come to my room and stay with me. You can't do any good here, and you can return in the morning and notify the family across the hall, who will advise you what to do."

Joe, however, wouldn't leave his dead mother.

He had a small room behind hers, and he would turn in after awhile.

Tom remained with him till half-past one, and then went to his lodgings, after handing him a dollar for his immediate expenses.

On the following morning Tom was at the office at his usual time.

His thoughts were largely concerned with poor Joe Sturgess.

It looked pretty certain that the lad's mother would be buried in potter's field, as they had no money to pay for even the cheapest funeral.

What would become of Joe himself Tom couldn't say, but if he could get the lad a position of any kind, so he could support himself, he intended doing it.

As for Perry Bates, Tom could not half express the sentiments he felt toward that young man.

That he was a well-dressed rascal was quite clear.

From Joe's account he was a rounder and gambler.

He had taken advantage of a mistake made by that weak lad and threatened to have him discharged from his job unless he took the \$200 from the bag he was carrying to the bank and handed it over to him.

He swore to protect Joe from trouble if he did as he was told.

The lad fell a victim to his wiles, lost his position and narrowly escaped arrest and imprisonment in consequence, and was then cajoled and bullied into keeping his mouth shut when he should have made a full confession in his own defence.

Tom believed that Mr. Harlow ought to know the truth of the case, but he felt he had not been long enough acquainted with the broker to venture to tell him the story as he had it from Joe.

Besides, he couldn't prove it, though he was thoroughly satisfied Joe had told the exact truth.

He was indignant, however, to think that Bates should escape from the responsibility of his part in the affair, and poor Joe should have to suffer, when the former had reaped all the benefit of the crime.

The only satisfaction he had was that Mr. Harlow had found out something concerning his nephew's shortcomings and was sore on him.

He wondered if Bates would come back to see his uncle as he said he would.

He did not doubt that the young man had nerve enough to do it.

He was not wrong in his surmise, for Perry Bates came in about noon that day and asked if his uncle was in.

"He's not in," replied Tom, shortly.

"When will he be in?"

"I don't know. I told him yesterday when he returned from the Exchange that you had called, and he told me to tell you if you came again that he didn't want to see you."

Bates glared at Tom.

"He told you to tell me that, did he?" he said.

"He did," said Tom, bluntly.

"Well, I'm going to see him, anyway, do you understand?"

"All right. I don't care, but I won't announce you."

"I guess you will," said Bates, sharply. "You'll do what you're told."

"I've done what I was told by Mr. Harlow. He's my boss, and I am paid to obey his instructions."

"You're a pretty chippy chap. If you put on any frills with me you'll get in trouble."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Tom, independently. "I don't know what you have to do with me."

"Don't you? You'll find out if you don't mind your p's and q's."

"Is that so? You won't find me so easy as Joe Sturgess."

"What's that? What do you know about him?"

"I know enough to understand what kind of a man you are."

"How dare you talk to me that way?"

"I am not afraid of you for a copper cent."

"All right, my fine young spark," hissed Bates. "You have made an enemy of me, and you are going to regret it."

"If you try any games on me you are likely to regret it yourself. That's all I've got to say to you," and Tom returned to his seat.

Bates paced up and down the room like an angry tiger in its cage.

While he was fuming at the set-back he got from the boy, his uncle came in.

"I want to see you," he said to his relative.

"What do you want?" replied Mr. Harlow, curtly.

"We'll talk it over in your room."

"No, we won't. I have heard a report about you that convinces me you are unworthy of the relations that have heretofore existed between us."

"What have you heard?"

"I have learned that to your other follies you have added that of gambling. When I accused you of it you denied it, and



I took your word. You lied to me, so I want nothing more to do with you. You are a disgrace to the family. In future you will keep away from the house. If you call you will not be received there. You will receive no further advances from me to pay debts accumulated by card play. Now go and hoe your own row. I am done with you."

The broker turned his back on him and entered his own room.

With a muttered oath Perry Bates turned on his heel and left the office.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### WHAT HAPPENED ON FORTY-SECOND STREET.

When Tom started for home that afternoon he found Joe Sturgess waiting for him at the entrance to the building.

"I'm glad to see you, Joe," he said. "What about your mother?"

"She has been taken to the morgue," said Joe, with a sob.

"To be buried at the city's expense?"

"Yes."

"Too bad," said Tom. "Come upstairs with me."

"What for?"

"Because I want you to."

Joe reluctantly followed him.

"Stay here till I come back," said Tom, when they reached the corridor of the third floor, where Harlow's office was.

Tom had made up his mind to appeal to the sympathies of his employer, though he wasn't sure how the broker would take it.

But he was willing to risk a call-down for the sake of the lad who had been led astray through the weakness of his character.

He knew Mr. Harlow was in his office, and he marched in.

"Mr. Harlow, I'd like to say something to you," he said, in a straightforward way.

"I will listen to you, Tom," said the trader, who had taken a liking to his new boy.

"I hope you won't get angry with me, but it seems to me it is my duty to tell you something I have learned, though it reflects on your nephew, Perry Bates."

"Go ahead," said Harlow, in some surprise.

"I am not a tale-bearer, sir, and what I have to say I should not mention only I feel an injustice has been done to a poor fellow who can't defend himself."

"Well?" said the broker, looking interested.

Then Tom told about the interview he had seen and overheard the night before on the Bowery between Joe Sturgess and Perry Bates.

He told the story of Joe's fall from honesty as the lad told it to him, and how he had accompanied him to the miserable tenement where he lived and found his sick mother dead.

"I just met Sturgess outside; he is now in the corridor, and he told me his mother had been taken to the morgue, and that means she will be buried by the city. It's too bad to think of her being consigned to an unknown grave, so I thought I'd take the liberty of asking you to help a little to save her from it. Fifty dollars will probably do it, and if you will give \$25, and advance me the other half, I'll pay you back a dollar a week, I will, honest, sir," said Tom, earnestly.

The broker looked hard at his new boy.

"Do you mean to say you have only known Sturgess since last night?" he said.

"That's all," replied Tom.

"And in spite of the fact that he admitted to you that he took the \$200 under the circumstances you mention, you have taken such an interest in him that you want to help bury his mother?"

"Yes, sir. It may strike you as strange, sir, but I can't help it. I feel for the boy. I don't believe he would have taken the money had he not been influenced by your nephew, whom I am sorry to say from the little I've seen of him, I have sized up as a cruel and heartless young man. Perhaps I have no right to talk this way about a member of your family. It isn't because I wish to injure him, but because I feel for poor Joe Sturgess. He is thoroughly miserable and heartbroken over the death of his mother, and I am sure he is not a bad boy. I want to help him. I might have been down in the gutter myself like he is now had you not generously given me this job in your office. I am very grateful to you, sir, and I am ready to work my legs off me to prove it to you."

Mr. Harlow was not insensible to the earnest way in which Tom advanced Joe's cause.

He saw the boy had a big heart, and had the makings of a splendid man in him.

Tom went up a hundred per cent. in his estimation, and he came to a decision at once.

"Is Sturgess outside?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Bring him in."

Tom went out, but had a great deal of trouble in persuading Joe to see the broker.

"You must come, if only for your dead mother's sake, Joe," Tom said. "I am going to save her from potter's field."

That statement had its effect, and Joe reluctantly followed him.

He stood before the broker shamefacedly—a wreck of what he had been when employed in the office, and Harlow could not help feel sorry for him.

By talking kindly to the homeless boy, Joe was finally persuaded to make a clean breast of the theft, in which he implicated Bates as the cause of the crime.

Harlow made no remark, but he thought a good deal.

"My lad, I am sorry for you," he said. "I am going to help you, but you can thank your new friend, Tom Duncan, here, for it, since I should not have learned the truth but for him. I will see that your mother is suitably buried in a cemetery lot where you will know where her body is. You can also thank Duncan for this. Not one boy in a thousand, perhaps ten thousand, would take the trouble in your behalf he has done. You can't be too grateful to him. That is all. I will send an undertaker at once to take charge of your mother's body. Come down to-morrow and you shall have his address, and then you can go with your mother to her grave."

That ended the interview, and the two boys left together.

Joe told Tom that he would never forget what he had done for him.

"That's allright," said Tom. "I believe you appreciate it, and that you will try to keep to the straight road after this."

"I will—I will," said Joe, and he meant it.

Broker Harlow was as good as his word, and saw to it that Joe's mother was buried in a regular cemetery.

He wouldn't allow Tom to chip in toward the expense.

"I can afford it and you can't. You are making little enough now to support yourself," he told his office boy, and Tom was satisfied as long as his new friend's mother was saved from an unknown grave.

Good deeds never go unrewarded in some shape or another, and when ten days later Tom found a pocketbook on the street with \$125 in it, and no clew to the owner, we are inclined to believe that it was put in his way by kind Fortune.

He showed his find to Mr. Harlow, and asked the broker what he ought to do about it.

"Advertise it in a general way in the paper," mentioning a certain one he thought the most likely under the circumstances, "and watch the lost and found column in the most important dailies."

Tom followed his advice, but without result.

Then the broker told Tom to put the money in a savings bank to his credit.

That afternoon he ran across one of his messenger friends.

"I wish I had \$50," said the other, whose name was Bob Baker.

"What would you do with it if you had?" asked Tom.

"Slap it on A. & B. stock. It's going up. I'd double my money."

Tom looked interested, and asked for particulars.

Baker told him enough to arouse a desire on his part to make some money out of A. & B.

After thinking the matter over that evening, he took \$100 of the money he found, went around to the little bank on Nassau street next day, which he had heard the messenger boys talk about, and bought ten shares of A. & B. on margin at 85.

He had very little knowledge about speculating in stocks, and stood ten chances of losing to one of winning.

Yet luck played into his hands, and A. & B. rose rapidly to 95.

He was about to sell out when he heard Harlow say that the stock would surely go to par.

So he did not sell, but waited for it to rise the other five points.

The added risk he ran was like looking a gift horse in the mouth, as the saying is.

Nevertheless, A. & B. went to 100 and a fraction in two days, and Tom sold.

He cleared \$150 out of the deal.

When the little bank settled with him he found himself with a fund of about \$275 at his back, and he was tickled to death.

Indeed, he felt quite rich, and the future looked very bright to him.



Joe had got a job in a small printing office at \$5 a week, and he and Tom took a larger room together, which cost them \$1.25 each.

Tom loaned Joe money enough to get a good suit of clothes, and other things he needed, and Joe paid him 25 cents a week on account of the debt, which was the best he could do on his small income.

One evening Tom treated Joe to a show at an uptown theater.

When they came out at a little after eleven they found the street misty with a fog which had made its way uptown since late in the afternoon.

Such a thing as a fog did not bother the boys any, though it interfered somewhat with the vehicles trying to make time on the streets.

They started east along Forty-second street, bound for Third avenue.

They could have taken a street car, but they saw no need of spending two nickels for the trip, when they were strong and healthy and good walkers.

In the middle of a business block a gray-haired man of average build issued from the door of a large store, which he shut and locked.

The other stores in the neighborhood were closed, many of them for several hours.

As the man turned to walk toward the Grand Central station, in the block below, two shadowy forms emerged from a neighboring doorway.

They glided straight after the elderly man.

Tom thought the actions of the two men suspicious, and called Joe's attention to them.

"They came out of the next store, didn't they?" said Joe.

"No. They were standing in the door of the next store when the man ahead came out, and they started after him at once."

"Do you think they are up to anything?"

"I fear they are."

The words were hardly out of Tom's mouth when the boys saw the two men suddenly spring on the man in advance and strike him down.

Then they knelt down to rifle their victim's pockets.

"Gee!" cried Tom. "They are footpads. We must stop their little game. Come on."

Neither of the boys stopped to think that the two men would turn on them and knock them out for interfering if they could.

As they rushed up, the men heard them and sprang up in alarm.

"Have you got the pocketbook, Bates?" said one of them.

"Yes."

"Light out then," cried the other, starting off on the run.

Tom grabbed the one addressed as Bates, and tried to hold him, but with an imprecation the fellow struck him a blow in the chest and got free.

Then he disappeared into the mist, and the boys heard footsteps echoing along the sidewalk.

Tom, however, had caught a fleeting glimpse of his face, and had recognized him as Perry Bates, his employer's rascally nephew.

## CHAPTER V.

CADY TAKES A SHY AT TOM AND GETS THE WORST OF IT.

There wasn't the least use in chasing the two men, so the boys turned their attention to the fallen man.

They found him insensible.

He had been struck down by a slung-shot, or some similar kind of weapon.

The side of his head was cut where he received the cowardly blow.

"Is he dead?" asked Joe, in a hushed tone.

"No, he is breathing. He seems to be only temporarily knocked out. We must carry him to a drugstore so he can be revived."

"Where shall we find one?"

"Over yonder on the corner. Can't you see the blue, green and red lights shining mistily through the fog? Hello, what's this?"

"This" proved to be an envelope that had probably come out of the man's pocket, and had been dropped by his assailants in their hurry.

It bulged out with whatever it held.

It was impossible for Tom to read the superscription on it in the fog and gloom of the night, so he shoved it into his pocket.

At that moment several people bound for the railroad station to take the midnight theater train out of town to their homes loomed up through the mist.

"What's the trouble here?" asked one of the men as the party stopped.

"A gentleman knocked out by a couple of crooks," replied Tom.

The ladies of the party looked at the insensible man in a nervous way.

"Is he badly hurt?" asked the person who made the first inquiry.

"I couldn't tell you," answered the boy, "but I think he will come around all right when treated by the druggist across the way where we are going to take him."

The boys lifted the injured man, who proved a good weight for them to handle, and started across the street.

They carried their burden into the drugstore, and explained matters to the druggist.

The victim of the outrage was found to be well dressed and prosperous looking.

The heavy watch-chain that crossed his vest had not been touched.

Neither was his watch gone.

A diamond ring that looked to be worth \$300 shone on his finger, and a diamond scarf-pin still reposed in his handsome tie.

"The rascals only got his pocketbook," said Tom.

"How do you know they got that?" asked the druggist.

"I heard one of them say he had it just as we rushed up, and they took to their heels."

"You came in time to save most of his valuables," said the druggist as he applied restorative measures to the senseless man.

The gentleman was brought to his senses.

At first he was a bit dazed and could not make out where he was.

"What happened to me?" he asked.

The situation was explained to him.

"My gracious! I had no idea two men were waiting to rob me. I've been cleaned out, I suppose?" he said.

"No, sir. I guess you only lost your pocketbook and its contents," said Tom.

"Then I haven't lost much," said the gentleman in a tone of relief. "My head feels very sore where I was hit. Am I hurt much?"

"No," replied the druggist. "You have merely suffered a scalp wound. You are fortunate in getting off so easily. I judge you owe your escape from robbery to these two boys, who reached you just as the men attacked you."

The gentleman said his name was Edward French, and that he was proprietor of the store the boys had seen him come out of.

He had remained late looking over his books, his clerks having gone away at nine o'clock.

He expressed his gratitude to Tom and Joe for their kindly services, asked them for their names and addresses, and said he wouldn't forget them.

He said if they would put him on the Madison avenue car, when one came along, he would be able to get home all right.

"We are willing to go home with you if you want us to," said Tom.

"I'm much obliged to you for the offer, but it isn't necessary," he said.

He accompanied the boys outside, and when a car showed up they put him on it and continued their way home.

"I've a surprise for you, Joe," said Tom.

"What is it?"

"I saw the face of one of the men who struck Mr. French down, and I recognized it as Perry Bates."

"You don't mean that!" exclaimed Joe, in a tone of surprise.

"It's a fact."

"How could you tell it was he in the fog and darkness?"

"From the light in the store window in front of which the assault was committed. As Bates jumped up the light shone for a moment in his face. Besides, I heard the other man call him Bates."

"What are you going to do? You didn't tell the gentleman about the matter."

"I suppose it's my duty to expose the rascal, but I don't want to bring trouble on Mr. Harlow. I shall do nothing until I have told my boss, and ask his advice."

"I guess you're right," said Joe.

"If Perry Bates has taken to robbing people to raise money, he'll soon find himself in jail without any help from me."

When Tom was undressing himself he found the envelope in his pocket he had picked off Mr. French's unconscious body.

He had forgotten all about it.

"Here's that envelope," he said to Joe. "And it has a bunch



of money in it. I never thought to return it to the gentleman. Bates and his crook friend missed something when they failed to get away with this."

Joe opened his eyes when he saw the size of the wad Tom pulled out of the envelope.

On counting it Tom found that it amounted to \$600.

"I'll take it to Mr. French to-morrow afternoon. He'll be glad to get it back, for when he misses it he'll feel sure that the two rascals got away with it," he said.

Tom carried the money downtown with him next morning, and putting it in an envelope addressed to himself, asked the cashier to put it in the office safe till he asked for it.

That afternoon he told Mr. Harlow about the previous night's adventure, and how he recognized one of the footpads as Perry Bates.

The broker looked much disturbed.

"Are you positive it was he?"

"Yes, sir. And his companion called him Bates."

"Too bad—too bad! I am afraid my nephew is thoroughly bad. Did you tell the gentleman that you recognized one of his assailants?"

"No. I wouldn't do that on your account."

"That is kind of you, Tom. Although it would seem to be your duty to furnish the police with the clue you obtained, I would rather you said nothing about it."

"All right, sir. I'll keep silent on the subject."

"The gentleman will, of course, report the assault to the authorities, and the police may round up my nephew. In that case he'll have to take his medicine. I shall do nothing to help him out of his scrape. He is an eyesore to the family, and deserves little consideration."

Mr. Harlow did not feel like saying anything more on the subject, which was a painful one to him, so Tom returned to his seat outside and was soon sent on an errand by the cashier.

He was crossing the street when an apple hit him a glancing blow on the head, and then bounded off into the face of a gentleman who was passing, displacing his eyeglasses and hurting one of his eyes.

A bootblack who was on friendly terms with Tom rushed up to him.

"See dat geezer hustlin' up de street? He t'rowed dat apple at yer," he said. "I seen him do it."

Tom looked and recognized the retreating figure as Lem Cady.

He did not chase after him, but picked up the gentleman's glasses and returned them to him, at the same time telling him he knew the boy who threw the apple, and if the gentleman wanted to follow the matter up he would find out for him who Cady worked for.

"Do so, young man. Here is my business card. The rascal nearly put my left eye out. I'll see that he is punished for his ruffianly conduct."

Tom looked at the card and saw that the gentleman was manager of an insurance company on Pine street.

"I'll bring you the information this afternoon between three and four," said Tom, walking away.

When he went into the Exchange he inquired of the boys who Cady worked for.

Two or three knew and told him.

Tom wrote the name of Cady's employer on a sheet of paper, referred to the bootblack who had seen the young chap throw the apple at him, and left the envelope at the gentleman's office, with his own name and address attached.

The result was that the gentleman called on Cady's boss, showed a discolored eye, and preferred a complaint against the guilty one.

Cady was called in to face the charge.

He denied he had thrown the apple in question, and said some other boy did it.

The gentleman said he guessed he could prove what he said, as he had two witnesses.

Later on he brought Tom and the bootblack to the office.

The bootblack testified that he knew Cady, and saw him throw the apple at Tom.

Tom said he had not seen Cady throw the apple, but had seen him walking rapidly up on the other side of the street when the bootblack called his attention to him as the party who threw the apple.

The result was that Cady, when he came back from an errand, got an awfully calling down from his employer, and was told if another complaint was made against him he would be discharged.

Cady learned who the bootblack was who told on him, and catching him on New street the next day, gave him a pounding.

The bootblack reported the fact to Tom.

That lad then watched for Cady, met him on Exchange Place, told him what he thought of him, and a fight ensued.

Cady got a good beating himself, and returned to his office with a black eye and a firm resolve to get square with Duncan somehow.

In the meantime, Tom visited Mr. French at his store on Forty-second street, and handed him the envelope with the \$600, explaining how it came into his possession.

"You're an honest boy," said the store-keeper. "I supposed the thieving rascals who attacked me had stolen it along with my pocketbook, for both were in the same inside pocket of my overcoat. As you saved the money for me, I think you are entitled to some recognition."

Thus speaking, he handed Tom \$100.

"That's too much, sir. If you really want to give me something, I'll take \$10," said the boy.

"You'll oblige me by accepting what I am offering you. I can easily afford to give it to you, and the service you rendered me is easily worth that. Here is \$25 more I want you to hand your friend."

Tom reluctantly accepted the money intended for himself, though he offered no objection to taking the \$25 for Joe, for his friend needed money badly.

He asked Mr. French if he had notified the police about the assault, and was told that he had, but he had little expectation that the men would be caught.

Joe was delighted when Tom handed him the \$25 that evening.

He wanted to pay Tom right away what he owed him for his clothes and other things, but Duncan wouldn't take it.

"Take your time about it. I have plenty money now and don't need it," he said.

Joe then insisted on paying Tom \$1 a week instead of 25 cents, and Duncan let it go at that.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE HOUSE AMONG THE ROCKS.

Three weeks passed away, and then Tom learned from his friend, Fred Munson, that a syndicate had been formed to corner L. & O. shares.

Fred by this time had rounded up \$50, and he said he was going to put it up on the stock and double it, or do better.

Tom concluded to follow suit.

He had been inquiring into and studying the speculative game since he made his first winning, and saw only the bright side of the game.

He had \$370, and he put up \$350 of it at the little bank on L. & O. at 90, on the usual margin.

Perry Bates did not dream that one of the boys who had interfered with him and his companion that foggy night on Forty-second street was Tom Duncan, his uncle's new messenger, and that the lad had recognized him and could have caused his arrest on the charge of attempted highway robbery, thereby putting him in a very serious predicament.

Bates had got acquainted with a gang of crooks, and having no money, now that his uncle had cast him off, had thrown in his chances with them.

The organization was known as the Owls, and they had a secret rendezvous somewhere up in the Bronx, which was not so thickly built up in those days as it is now.

The gang, however, preferred the glitter and excitement of Manhattan to the quiet retreat in the outskirts, and hung out at a certain Sixth avenue saloon run by a man named Clancy, who profited considerably by their custom.

He allowed them the use of a room in the rear of the saloon where they played cards, drank freely and plotted crime.

The police were more or less cognizant of their doings in the city, but they could not get any criminating evidence against them.

Now and then a detective visited the saloon in disguise, but as Clancy and his bartender were leery of strangers whose actions seemed at all suspicious, they invariably passed the word to any of the gang who might be in the room on these occasions, and the crooks made a quick get-away by a rear route known only to themselves and the proprietor.

Consequently the detectives had their trouble for nothing.

Perry Bates hadn't forgotten Tom Duncan by any means.

He had sworn to get even with him for his independent behavior that morning in the office when he called on his uncle and got turned down hard.

During the weeks that since passed he occasionally thought of the boy and tried to think up some scheme to involve him in trouble.

Although he was a pretty good schemer, he failed to originate a satisfactory plan that promised success.



About this time he learned an important secret connected with the Owls.

As his uncle was a broker, the crooks figured on making him useful to them in connection with an enterprise they had quietly engaged in for some time.

This enterprise was under way at the headquarters in the Bronx, and was now coming to a head under the supervision of the leader of the gang and two expert assistants.

After Bates had been carefully sounded, and then sworn to secrecy, he was let in on the game.

He was handed a package of ten-dollar bills, told to disguise himself, and sent downtown among the money brokers to buy English sovereigns and Bank of England notes.

He followed instructions, and returned to a certain sporting house uptown with \$5,000 worth of the foreign money, which he handed over to the chief of the Owls, who paid him \$250 for his trouble.

Next day he was dispatched to Philadelphia on a similar errand, and returned the same evening after carrying out his mission.

Then he was sent to Boston to buy more English money.

Bates, although aware he was running a considerable risk in carrying out his orders, had thoughts only of the big money he was making.

On his return from Boston he was told that his services would not be needed for a while, and that he could have a good time spending his money.

He had been paid in the English money, and he was told he had better represent himself as a British tourist until he had changed his funds into American bills.

He was glad of a chance to lay back on his oars, for he knew he had planted \$15,000 in counterfeit \$10 bills, and the newspapers had mentioned that a new counterfeit bill was in circulation, for the banks had detected the cheat when the money brokers made their deposit, and the new plan of working off the spurious money was soon known to the Government, and Secret Service detectives were put on the job of capturing the counterfeiters.

Other members of the Owls were employed in planting odd \$10 bills around among the tradesmen in different parts of the city, and several thousand dollars worth were got rid of before they were called off.

One afternoon Broker Harlow called Tom into his room and told him he wanted him to deliver a packet of New York City bonds to a customer who lived in a spacious old-fashioned house well up in the Bronx.

"You will have some walking to do after you leave the elevated," said Harlow. "You have three hours of daylight before you, so you ought to reach the house and be well on your way back before dark."

"Yes, sir; I guess I can make it all right with the description of the locality you have given me," said Tom.

He left the office on his mission at a quarter of four.

On his way up Nassau street he met Joe with a bundle of printed matter under his arm.

"You'll have to go to supper alone to-night, Joe, for I'm bound for the upper part of the Bronx, and I guess I won't get back before seven or after."

He described the house he was going to, and then went on his way.

He took a train at City Hall station and went clear through to the end of the route, by which time it was about half-past five.

The city was beginning to build up in that neighborhood, but nevertheless there were great tracks of unimproved land all around.

The streets had been cut through here and there, and elsewhere nothing had been done in that line.

The house Tom was bound for could easily be reached over a certain route, and it took him just three-quarters of an hour to land there after leaving the elevated station.

He delivered the packet, got a receipt for it, and started back.

It was now getting dusk, and as the neighborhood was lonesome, he lost no time covering the ground.

He saw where he thought he could take a cut off, and save a couple of blocks.

Tom took it, but after getting part way across, the ground proved so rocky and uneven that he saw he was losing time instead of saving it by that route.

He stumbled along in the gathering darkness, wondering where he was going to come out at.

"I was a fool to leave that street back there. Now I've lost my way in this wilderness of rock and dirt. It wouldn't matter if it were daylight, for then a fellow could look around

and get a line on things; but now I am liable to tumble into some hole and break my neck," thought Tom.

That made Tom more cautious in his movements, and he went slower and slower as the ground became rougher and the evening darker.

Suddenly a light flashed in the air a short distance ahead of him.

It was the gleam of a lamp in the window of a house.

Up to that moment Tom had no idea that he was near a house.

He did not think there could be a house in that uncharted neighborhood.

But he saw the outline of the window, and the shadowy form of the building itself, looking like a blot against the horizon.

He wondered who lived in that out-of-the-way place, access to which seemed to be so difficult.

Possibly there was a street cut through at this point, and the house faced it.

Tom hoped so, for he was tired of fumbling his way over the rocks.

The light disappeared as suddenly as it appeared.

As Tom went forward the same light, or another one, appeared in one of the ground floor windows.

He walked up to the window and looked in.

Three men, one with his hat on, were standing talking.

One of them wore a beard, and he held a package in his hand.

He handed it to the person with the hat, who looked like a young chap, and he slipped it into one of his inside pockets.

As he turned toward the door, Tom saw his face.

He uttered an ejaculation of surprise.

The young man was Perry Bates.

Then a heavy hand was laid on Tom's arm, and he was gripped tight.

"Spyin', eh?" said a rough voice.

"What do you mean?" replied Tom.

"What are you hangin' 'round this place for?"

"If you mean this house, I've just come upon it. I've lost my way by taking a short cut from Blank avenue, and I don't know where I am at this moment."

At that moment a door close by opened and Bates stepped out.

"Is that you, Sanders?" he said.

"It's me, all right."

"Who's with you?"

"A boy I caught looking in at the window."

"Better tell the boss. I'll call him."

He returned into the house, and presently came back with the bearded man, who carried the lamp.

He raised the light and peered outside.

The rays fell upon Tom and the rough fellow who had hold of him.

Bates recognized his uncle's messenger.

"You—Tom Duncan!" he cried. "What brings you here, and at night?"

"I came up this way on an errand to a party on Blank avenue, and on my way back took what I supposed was a short cut across the rocks. That's how I happen to be here. What difference does it make to you, anyway?"

"You know this boy?" said the bearded man to Bates.

"Yes, I know him. He works for my uncle in Wall Street."

"He's here by accident, I suppose?"

"He may be, but you'd better detain him on general principles."

He took the bearded man aside and said something to him.

The result was Tom was marched into the house, taken into the cellar and locked into a roomy closet, no attention being paid to his protests.

## CHAPTER VII.

### TOM MAKES AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

Tom laid his treatment to Perry Bates, whom he knew was sore on him.

But he couldn't help wondering why Bates was visiting at that house so far up in the Bronx.

Then it occurred to Tom that the occupants of the house might be crooked associates of the young man, and that since the night exploit on Forty-second street he might be hanging out here on the score of safety.

After the way he had been treated, Tom did not believe that the people of the house were anything to brag about.

"They don't look honest," thought the boy. "If they're not professional crooks, they're next door to it. Bates had me brought down here so he could take it out of me for acting



independent to him at the office. I wonder what he intends to do to me? Something mean and cowardly, I suppose. If he goes too far he'll get in trouble."

Tom struck a match and looked around the closet.

It was a large one, equipped with shelves, on which there were a variety of things done up in paper and tied with string.

Tom was not interested in them.

He centered his thoughts on the door to see if he could not force his way out of his prison pen.

If he was able to do that, probably he could make his escape from the house.

An examination of the lock showed that it was only a common one, and Tom believed that with a little effort he could force it.

He took out his pocket-knife and tried to press the tongue of the lock back with the big blade, but met with poor success.

On the lower shelf he found a small steel jimmy.

Inserting the thin end between the lock and the catch, Tom put pressure on the instrument, and in two minutes he had the door open.

"So far so good," he ejaculated, exultantly. "Now to escape from the building if I can."

He dropped the jimmy into his pocket, for he thought he might need it again, and struck another match to get a line on his immediate surroundings.

In the center of the place was a rusty, hot-air furnace, with four big pipes branching off from it, to different points in the ceiling, up through which they disappeared.

The heater did not look as if there had been a fire in it for a long time.

There was a bin with perhaps half a ton of coal in it against one of the walls, and a pile of kindling wood near by.

The stairs were near a partition.

Tom was on the point of ascending them when the door above opened and the man with the beard, followed by two smooth-faced young men, appeared.

The boy had just time to dart under the stairs to avoid detection.

The men came down into the cellar and went to a padlocked door in a long partition, which the man with the lamp opened.

"The stuff ought to be dry by this time," said the bearded man. "We have now \$100,000 worth of the bills ready for us to take down South and plant where we can. We must take the press and the rest of the outfit apart, and bury them in the corner where the hole and box to receive them has been prepared for their reception. We must remove all other evidences of the work so that if the Secret Service detectives should come here after we are gone they will find nothing to show that the counterfeiting business has been carried on in this house. Our plant will be safe, and one of these days we can use it again with new plates."

Those were the words Tom heard as the men came down the stairs, opened the padlocked door and disappeared beyond the partition.

The boy heard the catching of a lock and two bolts on the other side, and then the men's retreating footsteps.

Tom was surprised at the discovery he had accidentally made.

He knew all about the bogus \$10 notes which had been put in circulation in the Wall Street financial district through the money brokers.

It had been the talk of Wall Street at the time the crooked job was pulled off, and naturally all the papers had something to say on the subject.

In a day or two the press described how the same trick had been worked in Philadelphia and Boston.

Then the Government detectives got busy, and the money brokers of other cities were notified to be on the alert.

This warning arrived too late to save the money brokers of Chicago, St. Louis, Denver and other places West, which appeared to have been worked simultaneously with the Eastern cities.

While the Government agents were aghast at the extent of the counterfeit bills planted, they got word that the tradespeople of New York were being victimized in small amounts.

The case was so serious that all the sleuths who could be spared were put out on the scent, and a most determined effort made to capture the sharp rascals.

Thus matters stood at the present time, and the few words Tom overheard convinced him that he had accidentally stumbled upon the headquarters of the counterfeiters, who were about to bury their paraphernalia and conceal all the evidences of their crime.

According to the statement of the bearded man, who appeared to be the leader of the enterprise, they now had a stock of

\$100,000 worth of spurious bills which they intended to turn into good money at their leisure, and he planned to make the South the field of their next operations.

Tom believed it was his duty to find out all he could about the rascals and their plans before he left the house, even if he ran the risk of being recaptured and held prisoner for a while to come.

It would be a big feather in his cap if he was instrumental in securing the arrest of the ringleader.

His name would get into the newspapers, and probably the Government would pay him a considerable reward.

His services, if successful, would be worth it.

So he glided over to the door, listened for sounds on the other side, and hearing none, brought the steel jimmy to bear on it.

He soon found that the door was proof against a mere jimmy.

It would take a heavy sledge-hammer to break it open, and he had to give the attempt up to open it.

He looked the partition all over, but it was solid, with no openings between the boards.

Apparently further investigation was blocked in that direction.

While he was thinking the matter over he heard a noise on the other side of the door, and hid himself.

The door opened and one of the young men came out and ran upstairs without shutting the door.

He was after something, and he did not think it necessary to secure the door.

Tom took advantage of the chance to slip into the space beyond, which proved to be simply a passage.

A door stood ajar in the other partition, and through this came a stream of light.

Tom ventured to look into the room beyond, and saw that it was the workshop of the counterfeiters.

A plate press, operated by a spoked wheel, something like the steering wheel of a ship, only the spokes were longer and thinner, stood in the center of the room.

An ink plate with a two-handled roller stood beside it.

The rest of the counterfeiting paraphernalia stood about.

The bearded man was taking the press apart.

In a far corner was a hole eight feet by four, and of some depth.

The flagging had been removed to dig it, and the slabs lay against the back wall, to be replaced later.

Fearing the speedy return of the young man, Tom dared take only a rapid survey of the room.

Then he retired to the end of the corridor and crouched down in the dark.

A minute later the young man returned with a pot of white lead.

He shut and bolted the door and entered the work-room.

Tom then returned to the door, which was open on a crack, and watched the men inside.

It took them an hour to dismantle the press.

The shiny steel working parts were carefully cleaned of all oil and dirt, covered with white lead, and placed in the hole, where a long, flat box lay at the bottom to receive them.

The other pieces of machinery were also taken apart and treated in the same way.

It took three hours to clean everything up, including the replacing of the slabs, which were cemented in place, and then covered with a thin coating of dust.

The last batch of printed money was gathered up, counted into packages like one sees in a bank, and placed in a hand grip.

Tom concluded that it was time to get out, but he didn't see how he could do it without arousing suspicion, for when the men started to leave they would find the two bolts drawn.

The leader would probably think that the young man when he returned from his errand upstairs had forgotten, or neglected, to shoot the bolts.

The young fellow would swear that he didn't.

What this would lead to Tom couldn't say, but he was afraid that if he did not withdraw while the chance was his he would be locked in there, and then he wouldn't be able to get out maybe for some time, and be caught into the bargain.

On the whole, he decided that it was to his interest to make a break for freedom right away, so he softly drew the bolts, stepped into the open part of the cellar, shut the door carefully and ran up the stairs.

The door let him into an entry.

From a room beyond he heard sounds of loud talking and laughter.

There were evidently a number of men in there.



A light came through the keyhole and under the door.

Tom put his eye to the keyhole and saw seven smooth-faced, tough-looking young men seated around a deal table, playing cards for stakes and drinking from a couple of bottles that passed from hand to hand.

There was a stove in the room, together with pots and pans, indicating it was used as a kitchen.

There was also a cheap dresser, with plates, cups and other articles of cheap crockery on it.

These chaps were members of the Owls, and were the bunch who had circulated the counterfeit \$10 bills among the tradespeople.

Tom naturally took them for part of the counterfeiting gang, and he knew it would not be well for them to catch him.

There was a door at the end of the entry, protected by a lock, two bolts and a chain.

Tom glided over to it, and flashed a match over the fastenings.

The door evidently opened out into the air.

The boy made up his mind to escape that way, and was in the act of uncoupling the chain as a beginning, when there came a pounding from the outside—three loud cracks, a pause, and three more.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### TOM ESCAPES FROM THE HOUSE.

Tom was a bit rattled for the moment, but realizing that he must get out of the way mighty quick, he ran up the stairway that led to the second floor.

The kitchen door was flung open and one of the card players came out into the entry and walked to the door.

He knocked twice on it, paused, and knocked twice more.

The party outside repeated his first signal.

The door was then unlocked and thrown open.

"Where's Hague? I've got important news for him," said the newcomer, whose voice proclaimed his identity to Tom as Perry Bates.

"Downstairs," said the young chap who let him in as he relocked the door.

"Go and tell him I have returned and want to see him at once."

"Go down yourself and pound on the door."

Bates started down the cellar stairs, and the other man returned to the kitchen, shutting the door after him.

Tom decided that it was too risky to make his escape by the entry door, as he had intended, as there was a window on the landing where he was standing, so he concluded to drop out of that if he could open it.

When he went to it he found that the window was nailed down in two places, which prevented him from raising the lower sash.

The upper sash was also secured by stout cleats, which only permitted it to be lowered a couple of inches.

The blinds outside were closed and nailed, too.

He couldn't get away by that window.

There was a door on his right.

It was not locked, and he opened it and slipped into a small room.

Listening to see if any one was sleeping there, and hearing no sounds, he ventured to strike a match.

There was a bed with rumpled coverings on it, just as its occupant had turned out.

Also two cheap chairs, a faded carpet on the floor, a washstand of wood, a small, cheap mirror hanging against the wall, above which was a narrow shelf on which was a comb and brush.

Another door opened on a closet, where there were hooks on which hung some articles of men's wear.

There was a window, but it was nailed down like the entry one.

Escape from this room was equally impossible.

Tom tried another door off the entry, and it admitted him to a hall running to the front of the house.

Here he found the main stairway to the hall door and other doors.

The doors led into other furnished bedrooms, larger than the first one.

The boy examined the windows of each and found them all nailed tight.

He ran up the stairs to the third landing.

Here he found four rooms, three furnished with cots and bed clothes, and all unmade and rumpled.

The windows here were not fastened, and Tom cautiously opened one.

He looked down into the darkness, but could see no way of getting down in safety.

Then an idea struck him.

He took several of the blankets and tied the ends together.

One end of the improvised rope he secured to the bottom of one of the cots.

The rest he dropped out of the window, after testing its strength.

Climbing out, he trusted his weight to the combined blankets and lowered himself down.

When he reached the end he let go and landed on his feet after a short drop.

"Free at last!" he breathed, in great satisfaction.

Fearing that one of the gang might be on the watch outside, for it was owing to that fact he had been caught when he looked in at the lighted window in the early part of the evening, he crept silently off into the darkness of the night, over the rocks at random, hoping that luck would enable him to find his way out of that trackless neighborhood.

Several times he found himself at the edge of a precipitous drop, the depth of which he could not fathom in the darkness.

He judged there was a way out of his predicament, but he could not find it.

If the sky had only been clear and the night bright he probably would have got clear, but he did not dare take any chances of a tumble.

He afterward learned that the house was built on the rocks thirty odd feet above the street level, although no streets were blasted through in this vicinity.

It had stood there for many years, and a path led from the front door over the rocks to earthy ground several hundred yards away to the east.

Tom missed the path because he failed to discover it in the darkness.

It was two o'clock in the morning when Tom eventually blundered into low ground which finally brought him to a street.

The first street lamp flickered a long distance ahead, but it served as a guide to the boy.

Half an hour later he came to the elevated road, made a note of his surroundings with the view of getting a line on the direction the counterfeiters' house lay from the spot, then walked to the nearest station and took a train downtown.

It was going on five when he got to his room and found Joe sound asleep.

He tumbled into bed, but so busy were his thoughts with his night's adventure that daylight came filtering through his window before he fell asleep.

Joe woke up at his usual hour, half-past six, and saw his friend in bed.

He knew Tom must have got in late, and did not try to arouse him.

Tom wasn't in the habit of getting up much before a quarter of eight, anyway, for he didn't have to get to the office until a few minutes before nine.

Joe had to get to the printing office an hour earlier.

Tom was still asleep when the landlady came in to make his bed at half-past nine, and knowing that he had overslept, she woke him up.

"Gee! Is it as late as that?" cried Tom, when she told him the time.

"Yes. Were you out late last night?"

"After midnight," replied Tom, not caring to say how much after.

He got up, took a hasty breakfast of coffee and rolls, and reached the office close to ten.

"You're late this morning," said the cashier, with a slight frown. "Here's a note waiting for you to take out."

"All right. Is Mr. Harlow in his room?"

"He is."

"Can the note wait a few minutes? I have something important to tell him."

"It will have to, I suppose."

Tom hurried into the boss' room.

"I'm an hour late this morning, Mr. Harlow," said the boy, "but I think I have a good excuse."

"I'll take your word for it," smiled the broker. "You delivered that packet all right, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Here is the receipt for it. Now I want to tell you something out of the usual."

"Sit down and go ahead."

Tom lost no time in preliminaries, but jumped straight into his story, after explaining how his adventure was wholly due



to his taking what he thought was a short cut from Blank avenue in the direction of the elevated road.

He made no mention whatever of Perry Bates, who he was satisfied was connected with the counterfeiters.

That young man would have to take his chances with the Secret Service people when they got busy with the information he (Tom) supplied them with.

Needless to say that Broker Harlow was not a little astonished on learning that his messenger had actually discovered the headquarters of the counterfeiters who were giving the financial world so much trouble.

He decided that Tom must be put in touch with the Government sleuths without delay.

This was easily arranged, and an hour or so later the boy had an interview with two Washington Secret Service men who were investigating the counterfeiting business, but had not made great headway so far.

The information supplied by Tom was seized by them with avidity.

They heard his story, and then questioned him closely.

"You could guide us to the house, couldn't you?" said one.

"I am not so sure that I could," replied the boy. "All I know is that it is built among a great waste of rock, somewhat to the north of — street, and probably a mile west of the elevated road. It has three stories, and as near as I can remember, has a square look. The blinds on most of the windows are closed, and the second story windows are nailed up. It is more than probable that the ground floor windows are secured in the same way. The front door is locked, bolted and also protected with a chain. So is the side door. I don't know anything about the back door, but it must be protected like the others."

The detectives questioned him about what he had observed in the cellar, and they got from him an accurate description of the three men who took the machinery apart and hid it in the corner under the flagging.

After a protracted interview the detectives decided to hunt for the house themselves, as they judged they could do as well as though they took the boy along.

As they did not doubt from what Tom said that somebody was on the watch at the place all the time—on the outside at night, and at an upper window commanding the approaches in the daytime—the lad's presence in the neighborhood was likely to arouse suspicion, as his escape had long since been discovered.

That afternoon six Government men went out to the neighborhood indicated in a general way by Tom, and found a house answering the boy's description.

It appeared to be deserted.

They surrounded the rocky ground at a distance until darkness fell, and then they closed in on the building.

One of them gave the signal Tom remembered had gained admission for Perry Bates, but it produced no result, so it was repeated.

The back door was then forced in, and three of the officers entered, while the others remained outside on watch.

There wasn't a sign of any one in the house.

It was searched from the ground floor to roof without result.

Everything was found as the boy had described, so there was no doubt about the building being the right one.

Then the cellar was explored, and things found there as Tom had told.

The partition door was padlocked, but the lock was soon forced, and the officers gained admission to the passage and the counterfeiters' work-room beyond.

It was bare of everything likely to throw any hint of what had gone on there for several months.

Not a scrap of paper even was found to furnish a clue.

That end of the cellar looked as innocent of having been the scene of any wrongdoing as any cellar in any other house.

The rascals had covered their tracks well.

But for what Tom had seen, the counterfeiting machinery would probably have remained hidden where they put it.

The officers proceeded to dig up the flagstones in the corner mentioned by Tom.

They found a floor of earth underneath.

This, however, was suspiciously soft.

With a shovel found outside on the rocks an excavation was made.

At a depth of four feet they encountered wood.

This proved to be the cover of the box.

After an hour's digging enough of the box was exposed to enable it to be broken into, and then the concealed machinery was found.

Tom's story was proved true, and the officers were highly pleased over the outcome.

Three of them remained in the house the rest of the night, and the other three returned to Manhattan.

Next morning a stout wagon drawn by two horses was driven up to the house by the only possible way of approach, the machinery loaded on it, and the stuff carried to a Government building in lower Manhattan, where it was inspected and photographs made of it.

Three detectives remained in the house until it became a certainty that the counterfeiting birds had flown and were not likely to return.

From Tom's statement it seemed conclusive that they had gone South, and several officers were sent in that direction.

A full report, including the photographs of the machinery, was sent to Washington, and due credit for the discovery given to Tom Duncan.

He received an official letter from the Treasury Department, complimenting him on the part he had played in the matter, with the assurance that he would in due time be suitably rewarded.

This letter he showed to Mr. Harlow, and the broker told him that he would be well taken care of by the Government.

All the facts connected with the case so far were kept secret from the public, so that the counterfeiters would not take alarm.

Not a newspaper printed a word about the progress made by the Secret Service Department.

A score of officers were scattered around the chief Southern cities to watch for the circulation of more counterfeit \$10 bills.

And so matters stood awaiting further developments.

## CHAPTER IX.

### AT CLEAR LAKE.

About this time Tom, while on an errand to the Mills Building, heard a couple of brokers talking about an anticipated rise in D. & C. shares.

Only a few days before he had closed out his L. & O. deal of 35 shares, which he had bought at 90, at a profit of \$555, which brought his funds up to something over \$900.

His luck in the market induced him to get in on D. & C., although he had very little to base a winning on.

He bought sixty shares at 78 with all the confidence in the world.

Luck did not forsake him, and on the day before Decoration Day he sold out at a profit of \$300.

He now felt like a small capitalist.

He kept his eyes open for another chance, failing to realize that he was only a gambler in a very risky game.

The very next deal might wipe out all the money he had won.

Decoration Day being a general holiday, Tom and Joe decided to go off somewhere for the day.

After figuring on various places they picked out Clear Lake, down in New Jersey, where Tom had heard fishing was good.

They got up early, had a good breakfast at the Third avenue restaurant they frequented, and started for the ferry on West street, where they bought tickets over the Central Railroad of New Jersey for their destination.

An hour's ride brought them to the village of Waverly, the nearest point to the lake, which was two miles to the west.

A wide avenue lined with trees and many handsome residences took them right to the lake, which was a beautiful expanse of water, dotted with small islands.

A number of fine residences, built on extensive grounds, were on the side of the lake at which the avenue ended.

The other side the water laved the foot of rocky bluffs and low cliffs, where the lake ran out of sight in a dozen places, forming coves and miniature bays connected by short straits, the scenery of which was rugged and lonesome.

The boys learned that the best fishing was to be got on the other side of the lake, in the coves and bays, where, for some reason, the fish preferred to run.

It was necessary for them to hire a sailboat at the wharf near the country inn much frequented by automobile parties.

Small craft could be had at from a quarter to fifty cents an hour, or for a stipulated price by the day.

The services of a boatman was not included.

There were also many private boats on the lake, for every residence had its little wharf and boat-house.

You could buy bait and rent fishing lines, with or without poles, at the inn.

Tom had had some experience with boats, and was able to sail a small one as good as anybody.



On this occasion he hired the boat and let Joe put up for the bait and lines.

There was a fair breeze blowing across the lake when the boys shoved off.

Tom steered along close in shore at first to test the boat's sailing qualities on that wind, and they were rounding a point when suddenly they heard a cry of fire.

They looked shoreward and saw a plain residence, very like a farm-house, standing back a hundred yards from the lake.

The kitchen chimney was belching smoke and flames.

"The chimney is afire," said Joe.

"And the house might follow if the fire isn't put out quickly," said Tom.

"There only seems to be a woman and a couple of boys around," said Joe. "We had better run in and give them a hand."

Tom thought they had better, so he steered for the small landing, to which was moored a sailboat like their own.

Tying their craft, they ran to the house.

By this time the smoke was pouring out of the chimney in a dense volume, mingled with big sparks of burning soot and small jets of flame.

They now saw a man on the sloping kitchen roof.

He had got there by means of a ladder he had planted against the eaves.

Only one of the boys was in sight in the yard.

He was tying a bucket full of water to a rope so the man could pull it up.

"Help get another bucket of water, Joe," said Tom. "I'll go up the ladder and steady the pail while the man gets on the ridge which he has got to traverse to reach the chimney."

When Tom reached the top of the ladder he saw that matters were growing more serious.

Smoke was issuing around the shingles where the brick-work came through the roof.

The heat was igniting the light, dry woodwork, and unless prompt measures were taken the roof would be on fire soon.

The man on the roof was old and dried up—all of sixty-five years of age.

He was very much excited over the peril that threatened the house, which was his property.

He was also more excited over something else.

He was really not able to cope with the fire, for his legs shook under him.

Tom saw that he was in great danger of falling.

"Let me take your place, sir," he said, scrambling up the shingles with the pail of water.

"I'm ruined! I'm ruined!" groaned the old man.

"Don't worry," said Tom. "We'll have the fire out in a jiffy."

"The house will burn up, I know it will."

"No, it won't. My friend and I will put the fire out."

"Tain't no use. It's just my luck."

Tom discharged the water around the base of the chimney and let the chimney go for the moment.

As he let down the bucket to be refilled, Joe appeared at the eaves with a full bucket.

Tom slid down, got it, ran up on the ridge again and emptied it into the blazing chimney.

The smoke rose in his face like a dense cloud, and had he not dropped to the ridge he might have lost his balance and fallen.

He crawled back along the ridge out of range of the smoke, and roaring to Joe to hurry up with the water, hauled up the pailful attached to the rope by the other boy, who was the old man's nephew.

"Where's that other boy I saw around here?" said Joe to the lad who was doing his duty.

"I don't know. The last I saw of him he was running into the house. He hasn't come back yet," said the boy, who said his name was Will Brown.

"I guess he went up to the room through which the chimney runs to see if there was any danger of it catching fire. The smoke was coming out through the shingles."

"That's the unfinished attic room. There's a hole in the chimney up there, but it doesn't run into the flue."

"Why should there be a hole in the chimney?"

"It only happened this morning. Lem and I were up there after breakfast hunting for something we wanted to take across the lake with us. We got to wrestling, and Lem fell against the chimney, and the bricks tumbled out. He picked them up and started to put them back. I went to help him, when he gave me a shove and sent me heels over head on the floor and cut my ear. While I was kicking at his roughness he said it was only fun, and shoving his hand into his pocket said

we'd better go down and make a start in the boat. When we got down we saw the smoke coming out of the chimney, and I rushed into the kitchen to tell my aunt and uncle. Lem began yelling fire, and then we all got excited."

"More water down there!" called Tom from the roof.

Joe climbed up with another pailful, which he handed to Tom.

"Oh, my money!" suddenly ejaculated the old man on the roof, turning as pale as a sheet. "I must save it."

He attempted to slide down to the ladder, but his legs gave way under him, like wilted rags, and he would have rolled off but for Tom, who seized him by the arm in time to save him.

"Here, brace up!" cried Duncan, alarmed at his looks.

His eyes were closed, his lips blue and ashy, and his frame motionless.

Tom found himself in a fix, with the man in one hand and the bucket of water in the other.

He shouted to Joe, who was half way down the ladder, to come back and help him.

Joe dropped the empty bucket he had received from his friend and scrambled back to the eaves.

"What's the matter?" he asked, as his head rose into sight.

"Grab this old man. I think he has fainted. Hold him till I empty the water into the chimney, and then I'll help you get him down," said Tom.

Joe crawled up till his feet rested on the topmost rung of the ladder and laid hold of the old man's legs.

That relieved Tom, and he rushed the bucket of water over to the chimney and poured it down, sending up more smoke, but not so much as before.

A few more bucketfuls would put the fire out he believed.

He threw the bucket down on a bit of garden dirt and hastened to assist Joe.

"My money, oh, my money!" groaned the old man as he grabbed his arm.

The boys found that the old man was little better than a bundle of skin and bones, and did not weigh much.

Even at that it was no easy matter to descend the ladder with such a burden.

With some difficulty they succeeded in getting the old man to the ground, and leaving Joe to drag him away, Tom rushed back and drew up the bucket of water which Will Brown had ready.

Tom dumped it into the chimney with good results.

As he turned away he saw the other boy, who had taken no part in the proceedings other than to shout "Fire!" at the beginning of the excitement, running down to the landing place.

While waiting for another bucket of water Tom watched him and saw that he got aboard of the sailboat moored there near their own, and was casting off the stoppers of the mainsail, with the intention of hoisting it.

"He's a pretty chap," thought Tom. "He ought to be helping to put the fire out. I wonder who he is? He looks like somebody I know."

"Haul up!" shouted Will Brown from below at that moment.

Tom hauled up the bucket of water and poured it down the chimney.

Hardly any smoke came up now, and the amateur fireman guessed he had about drowned out the fire.

The exertions of the three boys soon finished the fire.

The kitchen looked like a wreck.

It was afloat with sooty water and the ashes from the stove. The water had put the fire out and covered everything with steam and dirt.

The old lady of the house was upstairs attending to her husband.

When Tom came down and announced that all danger was over, he learned that the old man's name was William Maslin, and that the woman was his wife.

They lived in the house with their nephew, Will Brown, and a niece named Susie Brown, who acted as maid-of-all-work.

She was absent at the time of the fire, having gone to the inn with some butter, eggs and two plucked chickens.

The Maslins, being small farmers, supplied the inn with what the proprietor needed in that line.

"Who's the other boy?" asked Tom of Brown. "He didn't do a thing when his services were needed. He ought to be kicked. He's down at the boat getting ready to sail off in her. Is he a visitor?"

"Yes. He's my cousin, Lem Cady, from New York, and he puts on a lot of style, because he's a city boy and works in Wall Street," replied Will.

Tom gave a gasp of surprise.

"I work in Wall Street myself. I know Cady, and I don't think much of him," he said, bluntly. "I had a couple of



runs-in with him, and the last time I gave him a good licking. So he's your cousin? I'm not surprised that a chap of his stamp shirked his duty. I suppose he's Mr. Maslin's nephew?"

"Yes. He came down here last night to spend the holiday."

At that juncture Cady came on the scene.

"Are you ready to go sailing?" he said to Will.

Then he recognized Tom, and scowled darkly.

"What are you doing here?" he snarled. "You're not wanted."

"He and his friend helped save the house from burning up," said Will.

"Bah! The fire didn't amount to anything. Come on if you're coming. I didn't come down here to waste my time hanging around this old ranch."

Then there was some fresh excitement.

Old man Maslin, on his legs once more, came rushing out of the house like a wild man, his hands reeking with dirt and soot.

"I've been robbed!" he cried, with convulsive energy.

"Robbed! Ruined! Every cent taken!" he groaned.

"Where did you have your money?"

"I hid it in the chimney where the fire was."

"And it was burned up?"

"No. Some one stole it during the trouble."

"Who could have stolen it? Who was in the house at the time?"

Tom's eyes mechanically rested on Lem Cady.

That youth looked nervous and disturbed, and was slowly backing away toward the corner of the house.

"Lem was in the house," said Will Brown.

"You're a liar!" cried Cady, still retreating.

The old man looked at him suspiciously.

He was suspicious by nature, and perhaps he had reason for distrusting his young relative.

"Were you up in the garret, Lem?" he asked, in a feverish, eager way.

"He and I were both up there before the fire," said Will Brown.

"What were you doing up there?"

"Hunting for something we wanted to take out with us in the boat—a line and an extra lead sinker."

"How long before the fire?" asked Maslin.

"About two or three minutes."

"Was there anything the matter with the chimney then?"

"Yes, several bricks fell out of it, and Lem picked them up to put them back. I went to help him, and he upset me. He said he did it for fun. Anyway, he only put two of the bricks back."

"Did you see him take anything from the hole in the chimney?"

"No, but I saw him put his hand in his inside pocket."

"You have taken my money, Lem Cady," cried the old man, angrily. "Give it back to me this instant."

"Didn't see your money," replied Lem.

Then he turned around and made tracks for the landing.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE PURSUIT OF CADY.

"Stop him! Stop him! He's running away with my money!" cried old Maslin, in great excitement.

"How much of your money do you think he has?" asked Tom.

"Over \$600. It's in an old red pocketbook. Run after him and get it back for me, and I will give you a dollar."

Cady was already at the landing.

Stepping aboard the sailboat, which was the property of his uncle, he hastened to hoist the mainsail, which was ready to be run up.

Tom doubted very much if his escape could be cut off.

There remained the alternative of Joe and himself chasing the young rascal in their sailboat.

The result would then depend on which was the faster boat. "Come on, Joe," cried Tom, who took a certain zest in the chase because the fugitive happened to be Lem Cady. "Let's try and catch him."

The two boys started for the landing, followed by Will Brown and the old man.

As may be supposed, Maslin himself was no runner, and was left rapidly in the rear, but he did not stop on that account.

Mrs. Maslin came out in the yard and held up her hands in astonishment when she saw her aged husband running after a fashion after the three boys, and in the direction of the landing.

She couldn't understand what it all meant.

Cady detected the pursuit almost as soon as it was begun. He hurried his movements and soon had the mainsail up and the sheets fast to the cleats at the foot of the mast.

All he had to do now was to cast off the mooring rope, and this he did as Tom got within a few feet of the landing.

"Did you ever get left, Tom Duncan?" he said in a sneering, triumphant tone as the boat receded and he seized the tiller and put her on a course that if maintained would carry him straight across the lake into a rocky cove.

"Come back with your uncle's money," said Tom, pausing on the landing.

"Go back and take a rest. I haven't got his money. What do I want with it? I've got enough of my own," returned Cady.

"What are you running away for, then?"

"Ain't running away. I'm bound on a sail. Good-by."

Cady turned his back on Tom and faced the way the boat was going.

Joe and Will Brown had reached the landing, while the old man was still putting forth his best efforts, though he could see that it was useless.

He was overcome with despair when he saw his rascally nephew sailing off in his boat.

He was sure the boy had no intention of coming back, but would abandon the boat at some convenient point on the other side of the lake, and then go off with his money.

In that case the only recourse he had was to go to the village and set the constables on Lem's track.

The fugitive would be able to catch a train a mile beyond the lake and get clear off.

"We'll have to chase him in our boat," said Tom to Joe.

"Want to come with us, Brown?"

"Yes, I'll go," said Will. "I was going sailing with Lem, but that's off now."

"Get aboard, then, you chaps. He's got some start of us. If his boat is faster than ours we won't be able to catch him. Otherwise we can head him off and make him face the music," said Tom.

They piled into the sailboat.

Joe and Will hoisted the mainsail and Tom cast off from the landing.

Mr. Maslin came staggering on to the little wharf.

"We're going to follow him in our boat, Mr. Maslin," said Tom. "If we catch him we'll take the money away from him and bring it back to you."

"That's right. That's right," said the old man, eagerly.

As the boat shot away from the landing, and Tom laid his course after the other boat, Cady turned around and made out their purpose.

He put his thumb to his nose and wagged his fingers derisively back at them.

Apparently he believed he had too good a start to be overhauled.

That fact remained to be seen.

The lake was two miles across at that point, and that distance would furnish a fair test of the speed of the two boats.

The wind was fresher than when Tom and Joe left the wharf where they hired the boat.

Tom was expert enough to work the boat to the best advantage, and he was fully resolved to catch Cady if he could.

He soon made out that Cady was no slouch at handling a sailboat.

He kept her right up to her course, and she flew ahead like a seabird.

"I don't think we're gaining much on him," said Joe, at length.

"I think we have cut him down a little," replied Tom.

Cady certainly compelled Tom to do his best, and the latter had to admire the skill he displayed.

It was the first time he had ever seen anything about Cady to admire.

Both boats dashed rapidly on their course toward the shore.

Cady was unfamiliar with that side of the lake, which was a disadvantage to him under the conditions he had to face.

Doubtless he expected to find numerous opportunities to land at the foot of the low line of cliffs, broken into rifts here and there; or in default of that inside of the cove he was headed for.

Tom and his companions were equally unfamiliar with the shore, but as they were following Cady, and not leading the way, it did not matter so much with them.

They saw Cady stand up in the stern-sheets of his boat as she came within hailing distance of the land, evidently for the purpose of examining the prospect ahead.



The rocks did not appear to suit his fancy, for he let out his sheet and stood further up the lake.

"I thought he was surely going into that cove," said Tom, as Cady put his helm up. "It is clear he could make out no landing place there."

"The bank is too high all about there, that is why he wouldn't take any chances," said Joe.

"He couldn't get ashore without smashing the boat," said Will.

"Oh, he knows what he is about," said Tom. "I'll have to give him credit for knowing how to sail a boat."

The chase was still about a quarter of a mile ahead, which showed that Tom and his party had not gained much in the two-mile pursuit across the lake.

Cady was now sailing parallel with the shore, on the lookout for a convenient place to land.

Tom saw that the trend of the land would drive the fugitive nearer them if he kept his boat off a bit, and pointed her nose ahead of the other.

This he did, and chuckled at the advantage he expected to reap.

Whether Cady got on to Tom's tactics, and realized that if he kept straight on he was bound to lose ground, or he discovered a landing-place, certain it is he suddenly hauled his wind and ran by the shortest route for the shore.

"There he goes!" shouted Tom, grasping the main sheet and putting down the helm.

"I don't see any landing-place for him to run in at," said Joe.

"There's a place to land at the spot he is making for," said Will, who was pretty well acquainted with that side of the lake, from numerous excursions along its shore. "He has chosen a first-rate place to get ashore."

"He must have been over here before in your boat," said Tom.

"No, he hasn't. He's just caught on to the spot by accident."

"I'll be hanged if I can see any landing-place from here," said Tom.

"Don't you see a break in the precipice?"

"I see something that looks like a rift or break."

"That's the spot he is heading for. It's a kind of gully, through which the water from the hills makes its way into the lake. A small boat can run in there alongside a shelf of rock, and a fellow has only to step ashore from the deck."

"Is there a path up the rocks?"

"No; but one can make his way up through the gully, which widens out into a sort of cove. It is a difficult job to do it, but if Lem has nerve enough, I guess he can make it."

"Then he stands a good chance of reaching the top of the precipice?"

"Yes; for half way up the path is easy to the top."

"Well, if he can do it I guess Joe and I can do it, too, and maybe you as well. We'll follow him and catch him at the top."

It was likely that Cady had discovered this available landing-place from his position in the boat, which showed that his eyes were sharp and he was not asleep.

He ran his boat into the outlet of the gully, lowering the mainsail as he approached the narrow opening, so that the boat lost her headway in season to prevent any injury to her hull as she grounded in the shoal water.

Of course, she disappeared from the sight of the pursuers behind the projecting arms of the gully.

Will suggested that their best plan would be to run in past the shelf and ground the boat upon an abrupt gravel beach at the head of the gully.

This patch of landing could not be seen by any one running into the gully, and as Cady could hardly know about it, they would gain a slight advantage that way.

"You are sure we can do that?" said Tom. "I don't want to smash this boat. It's a hired one, and I had to leave a deposit on it. If I follow your suggestion we'll come out all right, eh?"

"Yes, for the patch of beach is there, and the gravel won't hurt the bottom of your boat," said Will.

"All right," said Tom.

In a few moments they opened up the entrance of the gully, and they could see that Cady had taken to the shelf and was climbing up over the rocky side of the gully.

He was already a third of the way up, being aided by bushes that grew out of the crevices.

Will pointed out where the gravelly patch was, and Tom steered for it.

Cady had paused to see his pursuers on the rock, as he had

done, and was surprised when the other boat shot past it and made direct for a mass of rocks at the head of the ravine.

Having headway enough on to accomplish the landing, Tom told Joe to drop the mainsail.

The boat shot in between the rocks and grounded on the gravel, and Cady, looking down from his perch, saw her come to an abrupt stop.

He saw the three boys jump out of her and haul the boat higher up.

Then he realized there was a landing there, and that his cousin Will knew about it and pointed it out.

Tom and his companions started after Cady by another route even more difficult than the path the fugitive was following.

Cady gradually neared the top of the gully where it merged into a ravine.

Here the rocks had crumbled away and he had to proceed with caution.

The verge of the cliff was fringed with bushes, beneath which stuck out the arm of a tree that bent down and out to the extent of a dozen feet.

Cady threw his arms over this and hauled his body up on it.

His purpose was to stand on it, for that would bring him right among the stoutly-rooted bushes at the top, and then all he had to do was to haul himself up over the edge, and then take to his heels across the sloping ground beyond.

From the looks of things the advantage now lay with him, for his pursuers could not accomplish the ascent where they were for ten minutes, and Cady might use that interval to get out of sight.

Then something unexpected happened.

The tree limb broke under the fugitive's weight just as he reached up and seized the bushes.

He dropped a couple of feet below the edge of the cliff and hung there in grim desperation, unable to draw himself up to the top, and certain to fall to his death among the rocks below as soon as his strength gave out and his grip on the bushes relaxed.

## CHAPTER XI.

### TOM BUYS A LOT OF MINING SHARES CHEAP.

Tom and his two friends heard the crash of the tree limb as it gave way, and looked over at the spot where the fugitive was climbing, expecting to see him disappear over the top of the ravine.

Instead of which they saw the desperate predicament he was now in.

"My gracious!" ejaculated Tom. "Look at him. He's stuck against the cliff and can't reach the top. If the bushes give way he'll fall and be killed."

"We must save him," said Joe.

"It's a question whether we can or not," replied Tom.

"Help! help! help!" came from Cady, who realized the desperate fix he was in.

"Come on, fellows, we must try and save him," said Tom.

The three lads hustled to complete their toilsome journey up the face of the cliff.

Every moment they expected to hear the crash of Cady's body sliding down on the rocks.

Tom was the first to reach the summit, and he dashed around the edge of the ravine to the spot where his Wall Street enemy hung.

Looking down, his gaze encountered the white, despairing features of the bully.

"Save me! Save me! I will give up the money," said Cady, in a frenzied whisper, for his strength was fast giving out.

Tom reached down and seized one of his wrists.

"Don't let go, or you might drag me over," he said. "The other fellows will be here in a second."

Cady had no intention of letting go his grip on the bushes as long as he could hold on.

Tom's grip helped relieve the strain on that arm, and the young rascal began to feel a slight glimmer of hope.

Joe came up, reached down and caught his other wrist.

"Now then, give a good pull," said Tom.

They both exerted themselves, and Cady was hauled up a foot, still clinging to the bushes, but relieved of all strain on his arms.

"Once more," shouted Tom, and he and Joe raised Cady several inches higher.

That was the best they could do till Will Brown came up, which he did in a few minutes.

Brown caught Cady by the collar, and then a united heave raised the boy to a level with the edge.



"Now, Cady, let go of the bushes and get a fresh hold higher," said Tom.

The boy did so, one hand at a time.

"Pull with us when you feel yourself rising," added Tom.

A minute later the three rescuing lads hauled the imperilled boy over the top of the cliff to safety.

The reaction was too much for Cady, and he fainted dead away.

There was no way of getting any water on the top of the cliff, so they had to wait till Cady recovered of himself.

To avoid any trouble about the stolen money, Tom went through the lad's pocket as he lay unconscious, and found the old red pocketbook described by Mr. Maslin.

"I'll open it and count the money in your presence," he said to Will.

The pocketbook contained \$635 in bills.

"I wonder if Cady really intended to run off with all that money?" said Tom.

"Looks as if he did," said Will.

"Why, how would he square himself if he spent it? Mr. Maslin wouldn't have stood for such a loss. He would have sent word to Cady's father, and then there would have been something doing, I should think."

"I guess there would," nodded Will. "Lem was crazy to steal that pocketbook. I don't know what he was thinking about. I guess he didn't know there was so much money in it."

"But he heard his uncle say there was over \$600 in it," said Tom.

"That was after he had hold of it, and then he didn't want to give it up. No one actually saw him take the pocketbook out of the hole in the chimney, so maybe he thought the theft couldn't be proved against him."

"Well, as the case stands he hasn't made anything out of it, and he came within an ace of losing his life. I'll take the wallet back to Mr. Maslin, and then Joe and I will finish the day fishing, as we originally intended."

At this point Cady recovered his senses and sat up.

He looked the worse for his adventure up the cliff.

He also looked and felt foolish at the outcome of the affair. Tom didn't care to talk with him.

"Come, Joe, we'll go back to the boat," he said.

They returned to the patch of gravel beach by the route they had reached the top of the cliff, leaving the cousins together.

While they were pushing the boat off they saw Cady and Will coming down themselves.

They hoisted sail and started on their return course.

Cady and Will reached the Maslin boat and shoved off, too.

They did not follow Tom and his friend, but laid their course for the largest island on the lake.

Evidently Cady did not care to face his uncle in a hurry after what had happened.

Tom sailed the boat back to the Maslin landing, and leaving Joe in charge of her, walked up to the house.

The damage created by the fire in the chimney, so far as the kitchen was concerned, had been cleared away by Mrs. Maslin and her niece, and that room looked as spick and span as it usually did.

Mr. Maslin was not at home.

His wife said he had gone to the village to see the constable about the chances of catching his nephew in case the three boys failed to overhaul him.

Tom said he would not wait for him.

"We caught Cady on the other side, and I took the wallet from him. I counted the money before your other nephew, Will Brown, and found \$635 in it. There it is. I guess your husband will find it all right when you give it to him."

"Why won't you stay and take dinner with us?" asked Mrs. Maslin. "My husband will want to thank you for all you have done for us this morning. We are satisfied that you and your friend saved the house by your prompt action, and now you have saved the money and my husband from a lot of trouble concerning it."

"I'm much obliged to you for the invitation, but my friend and I came to the lake from New York to fish. We have lost a couple of hours, and want to start out again right away."

"Then let me put up some lunch for you."

"We have a bundle of sandwiches, a pie and some cake, with a bottle of milk we bought at the hotel. We sha'n't need anything more till we get back."

"Well, I suppose you know best. When do you expect to get back?"

"Not till late in the afternoon."

"Why not stop here then and take tea with us? I'll have it early, say at five o'clock, so you will have plenty of time to

catch the train from the village. My husband or Will can drive you to the station and save you the two-mile walk."

The last suggestion was something of an object to Tom, so he said he and his friend would call for tea after returning their boat at the inn wharf.

The matter being settled, Tom returned to the landing, and he and Joe started off on their delayed fishing trip.

They had a good time in one of the havens on the other side, where they caught two strings of fish.

They returned to the hotel wharf at a quarter to five, returned the boat and walked to the Maslin house.

The old man was there and the table spread waiting for them.

Mr. Maslin expressed his gratitude for the return of his money, and also thanked the boys for putting out the fire.

He offered Tom \$5, but the Wall Street boy refused to take it.

While they were eating supper, Will Brown returned alone.

He said Lem was afraid to come back, and he had landed him at a place where he could walk to the next station south of the village.

Mr. Maslin said he was just as well pleased that Cady had not returned, for he certainly would have given him a good lecture.

He said he intended to write to Lem's mother—his sister—detailing the boy's rascally act, and requesting that he did not visit them any more.

After supper the horse and wagon was brought around, and Will was delegated to drive Tom and Joe to the village.

The two boys left with a cordial invitation to come down and stay over the Fourth of July, and they promised to do so if nothing happened to change their minds.

They reached New York about nine that evening, and an hour later entered their lodging-house.

Things went on as usual with Tom during the next two weeks.

The market was dull, and business, as a matter of course, slow.

He did not have to do much rushing about, having plenty of time to deliver his messages.

One day he called on a broker in the Coddington Building on Broad street with a note.

As he passed down the corridor on his way to the office, he saw an open door and heard the sounds of an auctioneer's voice inside.

He stopped a moment and looked in.

There was a crowd of people in there, and a man mounted on a table was asking for bids on some article of furniture.

That showed an auction sale was going on.

Tom watched for a few minutes, and then went on and delivered his note.

On his way back to the elevator he entered the room where the sale was going on, and found that the auctioneer was now selling piecemeal the contents of a safe.

"Now, gentlemen, what am I offered for this bunch of mining certificates? Ten thousand shares in all of the Yellow Jacket Mining and Milling Co. of Paradise, Nevada. Will somebody start it at a dime a share?"

"A dime!" cried a voice. "Why, that's a busted mine. The stock isn't worth the paper it's printed on."

"My friend, you must be mistaken," said the auctioneer, suavely. "Surely such handsome certificates could not be absolutely valueless."

"That's what they are," said the voice.

"If they were worth nothing, the late Mr. Risdon would hardly lumber up his safe with them."

"He probably kept them on a bare chance he might get something out of them some day."

The auctioneer knew the Yellow Jacket shares had no value.

It was his business to have a general idea of the worth of the stuff he was employed to sell.

But it was his business to get something for nothing if he could.

"Who'll start the ball rolling on these Yellow Jacket shares?" he said. "Will somebody say a nickel a share?"

Nobody would do so.

"Four cents—three, two, one. Who'll give a cent a share? Ten thousand cents, or \$100, for this handsome collection of engraved certificates?"

"I wouldn't give \$5 for the whole bundle," said the first voice.

"I'll give you \$10 for the bunch," said Tom.

"Ten dollars! Why, it's the same as giving them away. I am offered only \$10 for these 10,000 shares of Yellow Jacket. One-tenth of a cent a share. Think of it. Why, the pictures on them are worth more than that."



"What good are the pictures?" asked the voice.

"They are splendid specimens of engraving."

"Bah!" cried the voice. "Knock 'em down to the boy and put up something that has a value."

"I am offered \$10 for these shares; who will make it \$11?" said the auctioneer.

Nobody would raise Tom's bid a nickel.

"Ten dollars once—\$10 twice—\$10 for the third and last time. Sold to the young man yonder for \$10. Step up, pay the money and take away your bargain. I wouldn't be surprised if those shares made your fortune some day."

Tom stepped up to the clerk, passed over the \$10 bill and received the bundle of stock that the mining world had long since regarded as worthless.

Tucking it under his arm, he started back to his office, not quite sure but he had made a fool of himself in bidding in the stuff.

## CHAPTER XII.

### AN UNEXPECTED DEMAND FOR YELLOW JACKET.

"Can I put this bundle on top of the safe till I go home?" he asked the cashier when he got back.

"Certainly. What have you been investing in?"

"A lot of mining shares."

The cashier opened his eyes.

"I didn't know you had money to spare in that direction. What is the name of the mine?"

"The Yellow Jacket."

The cashier burst out laughing.

"Why, that stock isn't worth anything. The mine has been dead these two years. Who stuck you on it, and what did you pay?"

"I gave \$10 for 10,000 shares at an auction."

"You can't lose much. But, frankly, the stock isn't worth \$1. How came you to buy the stock?"

Tom told him about the auction.

The cashier laughed.

"You were the only easy mark that happened into the office at the right moment," he said. "I dare say the auctioneer expected to have to turn that bundle of certificates over to the janitor for waste paper."

"Ten dollars won't break me," replied Tom. "I'll charge it up against experience. A person has to buy a certain amount of that during his lifetime."

"That's true enough. Some have paid dearly for their experience. I lost a thousand dollars once in real estate when I was a young man, by buying it on the instalment plan—\$100 down and \$25 a month. After I was in it to the tune of the thousand, the company of fakirs that was booming the property busted up, and then it developed that a trust company held a blanket mortgage on all the ground. The promoters had paid the company its interest, but none of the principal. The result was when the fakirs found they couldn't hold on any longer they quietly threw up the game, the trust company foreclosed on the property, and everybody who bought was stuck like myself, for we had no title deeds to show, the arrangement being that we were only to get our deeds when we had paid all we owed after the lapse of the years stated in our contract. If you ever wish to buy real estate, don't do it on contract, unless you know that the sellers are honest and responsible people who are able to carry out their part of the agreement. Thousands of poor people have been swindled in such real estate deals."

"Thanks for the tip, Mr. White. I'll paste your advice in my hat, then I'll remember it if the time should ever come when I am tempted to imitate your example," said Tom.

Tom took his bundle of worthless stock home with him that afternoon.

After supper he showed the stock to Joe.

"Where did you get all that stock?" asked his friend, looking at the engraved certificate with an envious eye.

"Bought it to-day at an auction sale."

"At an auction sale!" cried Joe. "I never heard of stock being sold that way before."

"I guess it isn't, as a rule. How much do you suppose I gave for the batch?"

"Couldn't guess. I suppose you must have got it cheap."

"Ten dollars."

"A tenth of a cent a share. The stock can't be worth much."

"It isn't worth anything, I understand."

"What did you buy it for, then?"

"Just for the fun of the thing."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Hold on to it."

"With the expectation that it will be worth something some day?"

"I don't know. Our cashier says the mine is a dead one—been so for the last two years. Dead mines don't often come to life. Some day when I own a small house I can paper one of the garret rooms with the certificates as an object lesson."

"I guess you can stand the \$10."

"Yes. I'm worth over \$1,200."

"And you didn't have a cent when you took my place at Harlow's."

"I had fifteen cents."

"You've done mighty well inside of six months."

"I think I have."

"You're a smart New York boy."

"Thanks for the compliment. I'll blow you to a show to-morrow night for that. Let's go down to the Cooper Union for an hour or so."

Joe was willing, and they went, going into the library and passing the time till nine o'clock in reading.

Two days after the auction sale a Curb broker named Smythe called on the auctioneer who conducted the sale of the dead broker's effects.

"You went over Dickson's effects before you started the sale, didn't you?" he said to the auctioneer.

"Of course. We always do that," was the reply.

"He had a bunch of mining stock in his safe, I understand?"

"Yes. I called a broker in to look it over and give me an idea what it was worth. Then I arranged with him to offer it on the Curb at the best figure he could get for it, which he did, and it was worked off that way."

"Didn't Dickson have a bundle of Yellow Jacket certificates?"

"Yes. There were 10,000 in the lot. They were worthless, however, for the mine had gone out of business a good while ago."

"Yes, I know. What did you do with them?"

"I put them up for a bid on the chance that I might get \$5 for the lot."

"Did any one buy them in at that figure?"

"A boy bid \$10 for the package, and no one tried to raise his offer, so he got the stuff. If he hadn't come along I guess the bundle would have gone to the janitor for waste paper."

"A boy bought that stock, you say?"

"Yes—a well-dressed young fellow. He looked like a broker's messenger."

"Did you take his name?"

"No. I had no use for his name. His \$10 bill was enough for me."

"I'd like to see him. I know a man who would give \$20 for that stock; maybe \$25 or \$30."

"I'm sorry he didn't come to the auction, then. What does he want with dead stock?"

"I couldn't tell you," said Smythe, evasively.

"As it would be hard to find that boy now, I guess he'll have to do without that stock."

"You are about the district a good bit, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"If you should happen to see the boy, I guess you'll recognize him again, send him around to my office. Here is my card."

"All right," answered the auctioneer, who did not think he was likely to run across the lad again.

When Smyth got back to his office he found the man there who had commissioned him to buy any Yellow Jacket he could find.

He was dressed in a free-and-easy style, with a soft-crowned, wide-brimmed, light-colored hat.

It was easy to see that he was a stranger in New York, and most observers would have decided that he had come from the West.

"What luck?" he asked the broker.

"I've picked up 20,000 shares for you, but I had to give a cent a share for the stuff," said Smythe, who really hadn't given a fourth of that, having got some of it for nothing from friends who were tired of having it around.

"All right," said the visitor, who had given his name as Lew Harrison.

"I've got on the track of 10,000 more, but haven't got the address of the party. They will cost you a cent a share, too, I guess."

"I'll pay it," said Harrison, promptly.

"It's none of my business, of course, Mr. Harrison, but it seems strange that you should want so many shares of a dead stock. Have you any idea that the mine is going to come to life?"



"It's a problem," Mr. Smythe. "I am buying up the stock East here, just as my partner is buying it up out West. Our object is to secure control of the property with the view of going over it more thoroughly than it ever has been worked. Some of the mines in the immediate neighborhood are doing pretty well, and I and my partner are willing to risk some money in a dead one, as we can't afford to get in on a live one to the extent we would wish."

"I call it a rather risky venture."

"It is, but nothing ventured nothing won. There have been mines that have come back to life."

"I can count them on the fingers of one hand."

"Well, try and get hold of that 10,000 you mentioned. I will be in to-morrow."

Harrison paid for the stock Smythe had secured for him, and carried it away to his room in the Astor House where he was stopping.

Smythe grinned after he left, for he had made \$150 in addition to his commission.

Some traders would have considered that taking advantage of a customer, but Smythe didn't look at it that way.

All was fish that came to his net.

He hoped to trace the stock the auctioneer had sold and make \$50 more on that.

Tom Duncan was returning from an errand down Broadway at about the time Lew Harrison, the Westerner, reached the corner of the same street and Wall.

He started across with his bundle of Yellow Jacket under his arm, not seeing the express wagon that was bearing down on him.

The driver and Tom both saw his peril and yelled at him.

The former tried to rein in, but he saw he was bound to hit the man.

That is, he would have done so but for Tom, who sprang forward and pulled the Westerner back just in time to save him.

He dropped his bundle, though, and the wheels going over it tore off the wrapper and exposed the nature of the contents.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE WESTERNER.

"That's kind of you, young man," said Harrison, when he realized what he had escaped. "I sha'n't forget it."

"You're welcome," replied Tom.

The boy stepped forward and rescued the man's bundle from the dirt.

He was surprised to see that it contained a lot of Yellow Jacket certificates.

"Here's your bundle, sir. Been down in Wall Street trying to sell that stock?"

"No. I've just bought it."

"What, Yellow Jacket! I'm working for a broker, and I've heard that Yellow Jacket isn't worth anything at all. It's a dead mine."

"Yes, it's pretty dead at present, but it might not stay dead."

"I wish it would wake up myself."

"Why so?"

"Because I have a bunch of it in my trunk at home."

"You have?" cried Harrison.

"Yes."

"How many shares have you?"

"Ten thousand."

"I'll buy them from you."

"The whole lot?"

"Yes."

"What will you give for them?"

"What do you want?"

"You're doing the bidding."

"I'll give you a cent a share."

"That's \$100?"

"Yes."

"No, I don't think I'll take your offer."

"You say yourself the stock is worth nothing. Why do you hesitate to make a hundred dollars clear?"

"You admitted that the mine is pretty dead, but said it might not stay dead. I guess you have some inside information about that mine."

"Nonsense!"

"It doesn't look like nonsense when you have just bought a big bundle of the shares, and are anxious to hand me \$100 for 10,000 shares more. People don't throw their money away on useless things. At any rate, you don't look like that kind of a man. I'll bet a dollar you're from the West. Ain't that so?"

"Yes, I'll admit that."

"Are you from Goldfield, Bullfrog, Paradise, or——"

"I'm from Paradise."

"I thought so. That's where the Yellow Jacket mine is. You know something new about that mine, and you've come East to buy the stock up before the news gets out to the general public. Own up now."

"Nonsense!"

"You said that before, but you don't mean it. I suppose you don't want to admit anything to me because I work in Wall Street, and you think I might interfere with you. Well, I won't say any more. Good-by."

"Hold on a moment," said the Westerner, seizing him by the arm.

"What do you want?"

"I'm stopping at the Astor House. Will you take dinner with me there this evening? I owe you something for the service you rendered me."

"You don't owe me anything. You're welcome to the service."

"I think differently. If you'll meet me in the rotunda at half-past six we'll go to dinner, and I'll tell you something about Yellow Jacket that will make you glad you met me."

Tom hesitated, then the thought of learning something about the mine, as well as having a good dinner at the Westerner's expense, decided the question, and he accepted the invitation.

"Very good. I'll expect to see you at half-past six. By the way, you have not told me your name."

"Tom Duncan. What is yours?"

"Lew Harrison."

"I'll be on hand at 6.30, Mr. Harrison. Good-by."

They separated, and Tom returned to his office.

On his next out-door run he was recognized by the auctioneer who sold him the stock.

"Hello, young man," said the auctioneer, stopping him.

"Did you want to see me?" said Tom.

"Yes. You don't remember me, I guess."

"No, though I've seen you somewhere lately."

"You certainly have. You saw me yesterday."

"Where?"

"I'm the auctioneer who sold you that Yellow Jacket stock."

"So you are. Think you stuck me good, I suppose?" grinned Tom.

"No. The certificates were worth what you paid for them."

"Think so, do you?"

"Yes. If you want to make a profit on your bargain I can put you in the way of doing it."

"How?"

"Call on Broker Smythe. Here's his card. He has a customer who is looking for some of that stock."

"But I've heard that the mine is dead."

"That fact needn't worry you."

"How much profit can I make on that stock?"

"Smythe said he'd give about \$25 for the 10,000 shares."

"How came you to know that he wants it?"

"He spoke to me about it. He knew that the broker whose effects I sold out had the stock."

"Why didn't he attend the auction and buy it?"

"Probably he didn't want it then."

"All right. I'll drop around and see him, maybe."

That closed the interview, and Tom went on his way.

After Tom left the office for the day he called on Broker Smythe.

He sent his name in and was admitted.

"I'm the party who bought the 10,000 shares of Yellow Jacket at auction yesterday. The auctioneer met me this afternoon and said you wanted to buy the stock. Is that so?"

"That depends on what you want for it," said Smythe, cautiously. "The stock has really no value, and I wouldn't myself give a dollar for all you've bought, but I have a customer who wants 10,000 shares for some reason, and I'm buying for him. You gave \$10 for the certificates. Well, I'll give you \$20."

"I will consider your liberal offer and let you know to-morrow," said Tom.

"I'll make it \$25 if you'll sell now."

"I couldn't sell now, for the certificates are uptown in my trunk."

"That's all right. I'll take your word if you promise to bring them down in the morning. You are working for whom?"

"Richard Harlow, broker."

"I will send \$25 over to you in the morning by my boy, and you can hand him the package."

"No," said Tom. "I haven't agreed to accept your offer. I may decide not to take it at all."

"Nobody else will buy the stock from you. It will only be



deadwood on your hands. Better take me up and I will call it \$30."

Tom wouldn't.

He had only called on Smythe out of curiosity.

All he would say was that he would consider the matter and let Smythe know, and with that doubtful arrangement he took his leave.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### CONCLUSION.

Tom called at the Astor House at half-past six and found the Westerner waiting for him in the rotunda.

"I'm glad to see that you are on hand to the minute," said Harrison. "Nothing like promptness in keeping an engagement."

"That's the way I do business," said Tom.

"Do you know I've taken quite a fancy to you, Duncan?"

"I guess I can't find fault with that, sir," laughed Tom.

"You might have saved my life for all I know when you pulled me away from that big loaded wagon. There is no saying how I would have come out had I gone under the wheels. It would certainly have meant a spell in the hospital if nothing worse. Naturally, I am very grateful to you."

"I'd feel the same way, I guess, if our positions were reversed. But that is past and gone now, so let us forget it."

"I shall not forget it right away, and I am going to pay you back by telling you a secret about the Yellow Jacket mine. Of course, I shall expect you to keep it to yourself, and I guess you will see the advisability of doing so when you hear the facts. Now let us go to dinner."

The meal was excellent, and Harrison confined his conversation to the city and what he had seen of the metropolis since he arrived a week previous.

He made no mention at all about the mine, and Tom did not consider it his place to bring it up.

Dinner over, they walked out into the rotunda again.

"Have a cigar?" said the Westerner, walking toward the cigar stand.

"Thank you, but I don't smoke," replied Tom.

"Not even a pipe or cigarettes?"

"No, sir. I don't drink either. I don't believe either is good for boys, nor for men if indulged in to too great an extent."

"I think you are right. Men drink and smoke more than is good for them, as a rule. What one man can stand that way another can't. If every man studied his limit and stuck to it the practice wouldn't be so bad, but I never met the man yet who could truthfully say how much of either his system could stand without injury. So the man who takes chances with himself, and most men do one way or another, is bound to regret it, in the end, even if he lives out what seems to be his allotted span. Let's go up to my room."

They took an elevator up to the fifth floor and walked down the corridor to the Westerner's room.

"Take a seat," said Harrison, after turning up the gas. "Now we'll talk about Yellow Jacket. You say you have 10,000 shares of the stock?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you get it?"

"Yesterday afternoon, at the auction sale of a deceased broker's effects."

"You got it cheap, I suppose?"

"For next to nothing, or I should not have bought it."

"You knew that it was known as a dead mine?"

"I knew very little about it at the time. I guessed it couldn't be worth much, or it wouldn't be offered for a song. I bought it simply on the chance that perhaps the mine might, in the course of time, come back."

"Then you made a lucky venture. The mine is not as dead as it has been credited, though the fact naturally was not known. My partner, Jack Hinton, and myself are prospectors and mining experts. We have made lucky strikes in our time, and have lost our grip on them owing to one reason or another. During the last year we have been devoting our attention to played-out mining prospects on the chance of finding something in them. That's the kind of property one can buy cheap, and we were looking for cheap propositions, for we had very little money to invest in anything. Six months ago we tackled the Yellow Jacket. At the end of two months the prospect was not encouraging, and I proposed to chuck it up and try elsewhere. Jack persuaded me to stick a while longer. He seemed to feel in his bones that we would make a strike. Three weeks rolled away, and then Jack's dream came true. We struck ore, and rich ore, too."

"You did!" cried Tom.

"We did. We said nothing, of course, but we followed the strike up, and saw that the owners of the Yellow Jacket had a good thing. When we started prospecting in dead mines we always protected ourselves with an agreement or option which gave us the privilege to purchase the control of the property at a stated price within a certain period of time. In the case of the Yellow Jacket the term was six months. We took up the option at the end of seventeen weeks, securing something over a half interest. The rest of the interest was divided up among over a hundred thousand stockholders, practically all of whom regarded their stock as a dead issue. We proceeded to buy that stock up for a mere bagatelle. A few became suspicious and refused to part with their shares for the price we offered. We would have given more, but dared not, for that would have set the tongues of the mining world wagging. However, we now own seventy-five per cent. of the stock, and are willing to let it go at that. The other twenty-five per cent., including yourself, will be the lucky ones, and we'll divide the result of the discovery with ourselves."

"Then the Yellow Jacket is coming to life?" said Tom.

"It will be a very live mine a month from now."

"And what will my bunch of shares be worth?"

"Sixty days from now you ought to be able to sell the stock for a nickel, if not more."

"That would be \$500," said Tom, after a rapid mental calculation.

"You would be foolish to do it, though. I expect to see the price go to a dollar inside of a year."

"A dollar! Then my shares would be worth \$10,000."

"Certainly. And if the mine becomes a regular dividend payer, you would be able in time to get two or three dollars a share for it. The par value is \$10."

"That was a lucky purchase I made. Broker Smythe offered me \$20 for the stock this afternoon, and raised his offer to \$30."

"Smythe of the Caxton Building?"

"Yes."

"He has been picking up the stock for me. The package I had under my arm when we met on Broadway came from his office."

"How much did he get for you altogether?"

"Thirty thousand shares."

"Is there much more besides my own floating around here?"

"Not a whole lot. I believe only 50,000 shares were sold in the East. Now, my young friend, when we reorganize the company, as my partner and I intend doing right away, we will elect you one of the directors."

"But I'm only a boy."

"That will be all right. You will vote your stock in connection with ours, so that there will never be any doubt about our absolute control of the mine."

"All right. I'll stand in with you, for it will be to my interest."

Tom remained till eleven with his new friend, and then went to his room in great glee, but he said nothing to Joe about his fresh turn of luck.

Next morning he read in the papers about the arrest of the chief of the counterfeiters, and several of his associates, including Perry Bates.

The men were brought on to New York and jailed.

The Third Degree worked on Bates brought out the connection of the Owls gang with the counterfeiting business, and the bunch was arrested at the saloon one day.

Ultimately, the counterfeiters were convicted and sent to the penitentiary.

Shortly after their conviction Tom received a reward of \$5,000 from the Government.

Before that happened the Yellow Jacket mine came back to life officially, and he received an offer of \$1,000 for his stock from Broker Smythe, which he refused.

Three months later he could have sold it for \$2,500.

And the prospect was it would go much higher.

Tom could therefore consider himself worth between \$8,000 All of this he had made himself, in addition to his wages, during his first year in Wall Street, which proved he was a smart New York boy.

Next week's issue will contain "MARK MILTON'S MINE; OR, A SCHOOLBOY'S INHERITANCE."

**SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.**



## CURRENT NEWS

What is surely a record for speedy loading is that held by the Great Lakes steamship "William E. Corey," which when at Two Harbors, Minnesota, took 10,100 tons of iron ore into her hold in 28 minutes. The "Corey" is of the hopper bottom type of construction.

An inflammable dart for use by aeroplanes was tested in France by experts with satisfactory results. The dart carries gasoline which explodes on contact. Its purpose is to set fire to dirigible balloons or buildings. Three of the darts were dropped from an aeroplane 600 feet and found their mark.

James and George Belknap, brothers, of Rollette, N. D., and suitors for the same girl, played poker to determine which should have a "clear field" to the young woman's affections. James won, and he and the girl, Miss Jessie Peltier, made arrangements to be married. When James returned home George was absent, but he thought nothing of it until an investigation disclosed the fact that the loser and the girl had eloped to Canada to be married.

In his testimony before the House Naval Affairs Committee, Secretary Daniels advocated the construction at the navy yard, Norfolk, of a drydock of the internal dimensions of the Panama Canal, namely, 1,000 feet long, 110 feet wide, with a depth of 40 feet over the sill. Such a dock would accommodate the largest dreadnought that will ever be built for the United States Navy. That the dimensions are not too great is shown by the fact that some nations, at the present time, are building warships which are considerably over 700 feet in length.

John Enos, who guided the John C. Fremont expedition through the Rocky mountains in 1846, is going blind at the age of 103. He lives in a tepee on the Wind River reservation near Fort Washakie, Wyo., and despite his age is robust. The failure of his sight, however, is causing him acute anguish and it is feared that he will not long survive the time when he is totally blind. Enos, whose father was a French trapper, was living in a tepee on the Wind River at the spot where he now lives, when, in 1846, John C. Fremont and his exploring expedition arrived.

Charles Aldrich, of Freeport, N. Y., is awaiting with interest the opinion of New York experts concerning the value of antique silver he unearthed on his premises bordering East Rockaway Creek. The silver was in a tin box and buried several feet below the surface at the base of a small cedar tree, which Aldrich had dug around preparatory to moving. The box was corroded and the silver blackened by age. In the collection were spoons, knives, and forks of a rare old design. It is believed the silver set was a family heirloom, and may have been buried during Revolutionary days.

Three crooks are picking bird shot from their systems to-day, made cynics forever by an experience they had in the Susquehanna Railroad yards in Rochelle Park, N. J. They drove up to the railroad coal pockets and commenced removing journals from freight cars when August Schneider, a watchman, interrupted them. When they threatened him with a revolver, Schneider, in quavering accents, pleaded with them to leave the cars alone. "It means my job, boys," he moaned. "You're a good guy," they said, "and to show you we're all right we'll be back here with some booze for you." Schneider sprinted home and got his shotgun. The three reappeared as they had promised, one of them carrying a quart bottle. Schneider waited until they were lined up effectively when he pulled the trigger.

Oddly enough, in the persons of Charles Bender and James Thorpe, the Carlisle Indian School has the unique distinction of having as its products two members of the rival baseball clubs that fought for the world's championship. One is now being acclaimed as the greatest pitcher in the world, while the other is undoubtedly the world's greatest athlete. All of Carlisle's stars for the last fifteen years have been trained by Glenn S. Warner. In addition to Thorpe and Bender, Mike Balenti learned baseball at Carlisle. He is now coaching football at St. Louis University, having played baseball with the St. Louis Americans. LeRoy played league ball since leaving Carlisle, while Johnston, another Carlisle product, pitched for Cincinnati. Frank Jude was with the National League in Cincinnati, but was retired.

J. L. Woodward, a farmer, living near Clarendon, Texas, vouches for the absolute truthfulness of a snake story that borders closely on the unbelievable. While Woodward's sons and another lad were hunting rabbits they chased one into a prairie-dog hole near the home of W. H. Peters. Using the forked-stick method of extracting rabbits from holes, they brought the animal forth, but with it came a rattlesnake. This reptile they had no more than killed until another one gave evidence of his presence. This one also was killed, and the boys left the spot. Next day they returned for further explorations. From that hole they took seventeen rattlesnakes, eight coachwhips, five bullsnakes, and one water dog. "The rattlers," said Woodward, "varied in size from nine inches in length, with a button attached, to five feet long, as big as a man's arm, with nine rattles and a button. Some of the other snakes were more than six feet long, and large accordingly." It has been said that no other reptile will hibernate with a rattlesnake, but this theory has been disproved by this remarkable discovery. It is also disproved that a bullsnake will kill rattlers. "Rabbit chasers hereafter should be prepared for something warmer than a rabbit reception when they start to chase a bunny out of a prairie-dog hole," says Woodward.



# CHEEK AND CHANCE

—OR—

## TRAVELING ON HIS WITS

By ED. KING

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER XIII (Continued).

He was decided to make no attempt to recover any part of the treasure at the present time. It was his best plan to continue the hunt but a short time longer and then return to civilization.

He knew how to make his way to the spot now with ease. He could mature plans later on for recovering the gold. He would part with Oxley, and the next time return alone.

As winter was coming on, this might not be until spring. In the meantime he must continue traveling on his wits, and at the same time keep a lookout for the lost heir, as Dr. Markham's will requested.

Oxley had the evening meal ready when Andy and Fraser reached camp. The guide seemed to readily fraternize with the stranger, and the latter put on very pleasing manners.

Seated about the camp fire, sipping coffee and eating juicy venison, Fraser told many wonderful stories of former hunting trips.

In the course of his conversation he suddenly said:

"One season I ran across a man who used to be rated in this region as a deer hunter. We struck the trail of a bull moose up near the northwest carry, and tracked him to a big yard, where there were others. Dr. Markham, I think his name was——"

Oxley looked at Andy, and before the latter could give him a significant glance, cried:

"Markham? Why, he was my employer. Fine old chap. He died but a short time since."

"Dead?" gasped Fraser. "The old doctor dead?"

"Yes," replied Andy. "And he left not a chick or a child, and so far as known only money enough to bury him."

Fraser contracted his eyebrows. He did not look at Andy, who had turned a bit pale.

"That is queer," he said. "Markham was a man of great wealth. Who was with him in his last hours?"

"I was," said Andy, quietly.

Fraser turned to the young outcast.

"Oh," he said, fixing a penetrating gaze upon him. "Did he say nothing of any property of his, or its disposition?"

"I was not in the room when Dr. Markham died," replied Andy. "Nor was anyone else. He was found dead by his physician."

"And he died without giving any facts as to his private affairs?"

"You are wrong," replied Andy. "He told me what disposition to make of his effects a short while before. They sold for barely enough to bury him."

There was silence. Andy felt as if the stranger was looking him through and through. But he kept his poise well.

"Oh, well," said Fraser, lightly, "it is a matter of small moment to me. Markham was a singular man. Eccentric, as you might say. I am sorry he has gone, for I liked him."

Then, to Andy's relief, the subject was changed. Fraser proved a rare entertainer. He sang songs and told stories about the camp fire until a late hour.

When it became time to retire Oxley rolled himself up in his blanket and was at once sound asleep. Fraser apparently did the same.

But Andy could not sleep. Try as he would to woo the gentle goddess, she would not come to his embrace. After awhile, however, he dropped off into a sort of half conscious, trancelike state.

How long he lay thus he never knew. A sound near him woke him entirely, and he opened his eyes without moving. The light of the camp fire dimly illumined the vicinity.

And by it, he saw that which gave him a thrilling start, and at the same time held him spellbound.

Fraser, the stranger, was moving about the camp noiselessly. He seemed to be searching among the effects of the campers, and now thoroughly aroused, Andy watched him.

Silently and swiftly the young outcast saw him go through the clothing and other effects. Again and again he went over them apparently with a disappointed air. Then Andy's blood grew cold.

The stranger turned and glanced toward the forms by the fire. His eyes glistened like burning coals, and he seemed to meditate an approach. In his right hand glittered the keen blade of a knife.

"Heavens!" muttered Andy, with horrible fascination. "Does he mean to kill us?"

Then with a powerful effort Andy made a move which doubtless was his salvation as well as that of Oxley. He sneezed, and at the same time reached out and grasped the barrel of his rifle.

When he looked again Fraser was gone. Only gloom and shadows were where he had been.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## OUT OF THE WOODS.

Andy sprang up and grasped Oxley by the shoulder. He shook him, and the guide opened his eyes stupidly.

"Quick, get up!" whispered Andy. "If you don't want to be murdered in your sleep, get up!"

In an instant Oxley was wide awake. He sprang to his feet.

"What's the matter?" he asked, sharply.

"The stranger——"

"Where is he?"

"Gone!"

Oxley looked about him in amazement.

"Gone without ceremony?" he asked. "Well, he's a queer chap. Did he wake you?"

"He has been through our effects, and if he hasn't taken all our valuables we are lucky," declared Andy. Then he recited the scene which he had witnessed. Oxley listened with interest.

"We'd better investigate," he said.

Both now began to search the camp and vicinity. But not a trace of Fraser was to be found. Oxley was skeptical as to the murderous intentions of the unknown, and said:

"He'll show up again. Probably he went out to stalk a deer. He'll be back with a haunch of venison by and by."

But Andy did not share this assumption, though he said nothing. He had arrived at a most startling conclusion.

He remembered that Darius Smith was of light complexion and very red hair. To be sure Fraser was the opposite of this, but it would have been easy for Smith to disguise himself.

Andy recalled the tracking of him to the hiding place of the treasure by Fraser, his searching questions in regard to Dr. Markham, and his ransacking of the camp effects and mysterious disappearance.

"Sam Fraser is no other than Darius Smith in disguise," he muttered. "He is in quest of Dr. Markham's will, which I have in the silken pouch about my neck. He hoped to find it in my effects. That is why he came here alone. Not finding it, had I not been awake——"

Andy shivered. The possible consequences were fearful to consider. That both he and Oxley might have been murdered in their sleep he felt sure, for Smith would hesitate at no crime to gain his ends.

It was an experience which Andy never forgot. He knew that he had a deadly foe to contend with, and that he must always grapple with him in the dark.

Smith knew of the existence of the treasure, and was bound to learn its hiding place. Andy alone stood in his way.

As our boy hero reflected upon all this he experienced a strange sensation. It almost seemed as if there was a fearful responsibility, almost in the shape of a curse, connected with Dr. Markham's gold.

He was almost willing to let it lie forever in its resting place. It seemed to him that it could not be dug up without awful consequences.

He half regretted having acquired the secret, or having

met Dr. Markham. It had brought a huge load upon his shoulders.

Thus he felt for awhile. But presently the elasticity of youth came back, and he was resolved upon a new plan of action.

First he was resolved to leave the woods. Knowing now for a certainty that Darius Smith was shadowing him, he was desirous of throwing him off the track.

So he called Oxley and said:

"I'm going to pack up and start for Molunkus to-day."

"Eh?" exclaimed Oxley, in surprise. "We haven't got the moose yet."

"I can't help it. I have important matters to attend to. Another season I may return. I have had hunting enough this time."

Oxley inclined his head in assent.

"All right—you're the boss. You think Molunkus is the nearest point for us to strike, do you?"

"It is the mouth of all Aroostook roads. Thence we can return to Bangor, and—then I must find a job."

Oxley's face fell.

"That means the same for me," he said. "You will not keep me in your employ?"

"I cannot afford it."

"Then the old doctor really left you nothing?"

"I have not two hundred dollars to my name," replied Andy. "I am not as well off as when I first went to work for Dr. Markham. Once more I shall be traveling on my wits."

Oxley became exceedingly glum. Andy noted this, and understood that the fellow did not credit his statement. This, however, made no difference to Andy in his plans.

The camp effects were packed up and carried by packing to the banks of the river, where the canoe was found, and thence they journeyed down the river on the way to Molunkus.

But when night settled down over the great woods, Andy slept but little and kept one eye open for trouble. For he could not get rid of the idea that the villain Darius Smith might be following them.

But Smith did not again show up. They reached the backwoods town of Molunkus in safety. Thence by stage they reached Oldtown, and proceeded to Bangor by rail.

Andy could not help a mental review of the incidents which had befallen since his first arrival in that city on the Penobscot. He was then without money, a stowaway from the Caroline Jones, and his only friend was Jason Bent.

In spite of Bent's record and his blighted career, Andy still felt toward him a sense of the deepest gratitude. To him he owed much of his present success.

He strolled down to the wharves. The Caroline Jones was no longer there, but there were other vessels, and as he watched the crews engaged in their duties something of a longing came upon him to go to sea.

He reflected, however, that this was beyond all possibility. He had assumed the task given him by Dr. Markham, and to have slighted it would have seemed like bringing a spiritual protest from the old doctor's grave itself.

He turned away, therefore, and wandered through the streets.

(To be continued)



## FACTS WORTH READING

### BEAR HUNT IN NEW JERSEY.

A few days ago farmers of Vernon and residents of New Milford notified Sheriff Maines at Newton, N. J., that a bear from the mountains, near Wawayanda Lake, was terrorizing the town by raids night and day on barnyards, and now and then frightening women and children from the highways. The Sheriff advised them to hunt the bear down and kill it.

William Griffs of New Milford and William Jamison and Oro Rebell, farmers, near McAfee, got together a hunting party of many farmers and with twenty dogs began the hunt on Friday morning. The dogs struck the trail of the bear in a mountain near McAfee and pursued it down the mountain side into a swamp, where they treed it. A fusillade was immediately begun and the bear finally came tumbling from branch to branch and was dead when it struck the ground.

The carcass was taken to New Milford, where the hunters gathered toward evening at a tavern and had a jolly finish to a day they will long remember.

### CAN'T STOP HATPIN EVIL.

The police are beginning to believe that la belle Parisienne is invincible. Twice has the Prefecture issued a stern edict against unprotected hatpins, but the Parisienne merely smiles, shrugs her shoulders, and goes her way, often bristling like a hedgehog.

To Prefect Hennion was first intrusted the task of rebuking careless hatpin wearers, but, although he had become the terror of the Apaches, he failed ignominiously to bring about the slightest change in the Parisiennes' dangerous habit.

For a few days after the order was issued the younger and more energetic policemen produced their notebooks and took the names and addresses of fair offenders, but a smile disarmed them and people remained in as great danger as before.

This week M. Hennion made a new rule. Since the majority of the gouged and lacerated cheeks occurred in the Underground or in omnibuses, he ordered the guards to refuse admittance to all women with unprotected hatpins, but the subway guards, who are reputed to be the most heartless of men living, proved too gallant.

Inquiry at headquarters show that not a single report of such exclusion has been made, although in every train the deadly hatpins are plainly visible.

### A NEW FISH-CURING METHOD.

A method has recently been introduced in Halifax, Nova Scotia, which promises to revolutionize the fish industry wherever carried on to any considerable extent, says Vice Consul General Eugene M. Lamb.

This process is based upon the theory that putrefaction of fish is first caused by bone taint, due to the fact that in the old methods of curing fish the specific or animal heat is partially left within the fish. The new method

which has been introduced acts as a preventive to bone taint, completely removing the specific or animal heat from the fish to be cured.

Instead of salting, sun drying or shipping the fish in ice or refrigerating cars, the fish are dumped into a tank holding sea water which has been filtered through four cylinder-like tanks containing willow charcoal and screens to remove the noxious gases and foreign substances. Next, brown sugar is placed in the tank holding the fish to serve as a germicide for such organisms as may be active at freezing temperature. Then by refrigeration the temperature is lowered to 10 deg. Cent. below zero, during which time 16.1 per cent. salt is added to prevent ice formation and to assist the formation of a thin protective coating over the fish themselves. Having allowed the fish to remain in this treatment for two hours they are ready for shipment, removed from the tank, and placed in the package or barrel to await transportation to market.

### A QUEER CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.

That hydrophobia can be caught from a mad dog without his biting or even touching the victim has just been proved in a suburb of Budapest, Hungary. A small boy was bitten by a neighbor's dog. The dog was at once captured and examined, because in Europe the authorities are very much more careful in preventing rabies than in the United States. Examination gave reason to suspect hydrophobia. The dog was killed, which would have aroused a storm of sentimental opposition in America. Microscopical investigation proved the doctor's suspicions to be right, and the boy was sent to the Pasteur Institute for anti-rabies treatment. After inoculations of the preventive serum for seventeen days the child was returned to his parents evidently out of danger. So far the case presented nothing novel. But the day after the boy's return his mother developed symptoms of hydrophobia and was removed to a hospital. There she died, as is almost invariably the case when the serum is not administered long before symptoms appear. The question arose as to how the mother became infected. The boy was obviously well when he returned, for he has remained so ever since. Also, the symptoms appeared in the mother too soon to have come from such a later source. It was suggested that she had kissed the boy before he left for the hospital. This could not infect her, as the rabies microbe had not time to have spread over the boy's system. The mother had not come in contact with the dog or even seen it. At last it was found that the mother on the day of the biting had sewn up the rent in the boy's trousers caused by the dog's teeth. She had wet the thread in her lips after passing it through the cloth, thus transferring the rabies microbes left by the dog's teeth to her mouth and into her system. In spite of such cases as this and statistics from every large city in the world, there are people who oppose muzzling city dogs and try to prevent the police from killing mad ones.



# TEN-DAY ISLAND

OR,

## THE SECRET OF OLD 33

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER III (Continued).

"Yes. That was his promise. It was to be put there to-night. Thank heavens, he has kept his word!"

"We can escape!" cried John Jacks, roused to enthusiasm at last.

"Then if we do the rest follows," replied Mr. Mackintosh. "Boy, what I tell you is true. I know where there is a treasure buried which will make both of us worth millions."

"Is or was?" said John Jacks. "Remember, fifty years is a long time."

"Yes, yes! I know, I know! But it is there still. I am sure of it. No, don't ask me where, for I will not tell until we have passed beyond these walls forever. Now, wake up that boy; of course he must go with us, since he is here. Quick! There isn't a moment to be lost. I'll fasten the ladder to the bed."

It was amusing to see Joe's staring eyes when John Jacks aroused him, and he beheld Old 33 in the room.

He entered right into the spirit of the plan, however. It could not have been otherwise, for in Joe's eyes whatever John Jacks did was right.

Having secured the ladder to the rounds of the iron bedstead, Mr. Mackintosh threw it out of the window with as little noise as possible.

It dropped down into the water, and then as he looked out John Jacks began to feel for the first time that there was really a chance for their escape.

Joe thought so, too.

"Say, Johnny, we can do it! We can do it!" he exclaimed. "Hurry up and go down."

"Softly! Softly!" said the old convict. "There's many a chance for a slip yet. Are you ready, John Jacks?"

"All ready, sir."

"Then go, and may good luck attend you."

"You will come next, sir?"

"Yes, yes! Go now!"

The boys had dressed themselves by this time, of course, and John Jacks threw his legs out of the window and started down the ladder, which bore his weight perfectly, and seemed to be very firm.

With one keen glance toward a certain door a little farther along the wall, which opened into a room used by Colonel Gayton as a boat-house, he plunged boldly into the water, gained the boat, unfastened the rope from the iron ring through which it was passed; and, seizing the oars, pulled silently under the ladder and looked.

The old convict was there looking down at him. He waved his hand, and then John Jacks saw his legs come out of the window.

"Can he do it? Will his strength hold out?" thought the boy.

His heart was in his mouth as he watched Old 33 descend.

It was pitiful to see the old man's form tremble, to watch his feet move wildly this way and that as he tried to get them upon the rounds.

At every moment John Jacks thought he must surely fall, but he did not, and at last he reached the boat and sank down in the stern more dead than alive.

"Free! Free at last!" he murmured. "Free after fifty years!"

Joe came down the ladder like a monkey, and took his place forward.

"Now, John Jacks! Now!" cried the old convict. "Pull down the inlet! Pull for your life!"

John Jacks lost no time in obeying, and all might have gone well if it had not happened that the splash made by John Jacks when he struck the water was heard by the guard in the tower at the end of the High House, where the prison wall began.

Instantly the guard touched an electric button which communicated with a bell in Colonel Gayton's chamber, and the ringing of this bell meant an escape on the water side of Wareton jail.

Throwing his whole strength into his arms, John Jacks pulled down the inlet.

As they neared the boat-house door there came a flash of lightning brighter and more enduring than any the boy had ever seen.

At the same instant the door in the prison wall flew open, and Colonel Gayton and a keeper, both armed with rifles, appeared in the breach.

"Great guns! It's John Jacks and Old 33!" cried the warden.

Two rifles cracked then, and two shots came whizzing toward the boat.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### INTO THE SWAMP.

If the lightning could only have held there is no doubt that Colonel Gayton and the keeper would have killed one or more of those in the boat.



But the lightning did not hold, and at the moment when aim was taken darkness was coming again.

Thus the shots all went astray, and thanks to John Jacks' strong pulling, the boat shot past the door all right.

"Down, Mr. Mac! Down, Joe!" whispered the boy. "They will peg away at us, and we have got the tower to pass yet."

Old 33 crouched low in the boat.

He was hatless and without any outer garments to protect him from the pitiless storm; nor were John Jacks and Joe any better provided in that respect, except in the matter of hats, for overcoats were things not allowed in Wareton jail.

As for the rest, all three wore the penitentiary clothes, a loose blouse with green stripes, and trousers with one leg yellow and the other blue.

It was a dress not to be mistaken anywhere, of course, and in that wild community woe-be unto the fisherman or turpentine gatherer who would dare to harbor any man wearing these clothes.

The shots continued to come.

Wild shouts were heard. The big alarm bell of the prison tolled three times, which meant an escape.

John Jacks' heart was in his mouth as he pulled on toward the tower.

"If the lightning comes now we are lost," he thought, for he knew that old man Crab, who stood night guard in the tower, was reckoned a dead shot—one of the best hands with a rifle in the State.

And the lightning did come just as they were abreast of the tower, and yet that was the time old man Crab missed.

He leaned far out over the railing and let fly, and yet for all that the shot flew harmlessly over their heads.

It was not written that either of those three helpless ones in the boat should die just then.

"We are all right now, Johnny!" cried Joe, as they shot past the prison wall, and stood on down the inlet.

"Pull, pull, John Jacks!" murmured Old 33. "Waste no time—take no chances! To be captured now would be terrible! Heaven won't have it so, I am sure."

His teeth were chattering, and he was trembling in every limb.

John Jacks began to realize that the old convict was in almost as great danger as though a dozen men stood over him with rifles ready to shoot bullets into his head.

"He'll never stand it! Never in the wide world!" he thought. "I was a fool to expect it. Yet what could I do?"

Sure enough, what else could he have done?"

With the hole discovered in the cell, Old 33 was as good as dead in any case.

There had been several escapes from Wareton jail of late.

All were negroes who worked in the turpentine gangs in the pine swamp, and not in the prison itself; but it had aroused the wrath of the tyrannical warden, just the same, and he swore that the next man who was caught trying to escape would be shot with his own hands.

He had done such things before, and he would not hesitate to do them again.

John Jacks did not regard his own chances as worth a rush if they were caught, and it would have been just the same with Old 33 if he had refused to aid him when the hole in the cell wall came to be found.

But in spite of his gloomy thoughts John Jacks tried to be encouraging, for that was his way.

"How are you feeling, Mr. Mac?" he asked. "Are you very cold?"

"I can stand it! I can stand it!" muttered the old convict. "Yes, I am cold, of course; terribly cold, but I can stand it, boy."

John Jacks pulled off his jacket.

"Take this and button it around your neck with the back out, Mr. Mac," he said. "It will protect your chest some, anyhow."

"No, no! Put it on again," protested the old man, feebly. "The idea of you sitting there just in your shirt! I won't have it so."

"But you must take it," insisted John Jacks. "I don't want it. I'm wet through, anyhow, and the nearer naked I am the better for me. Fasten it around your neck, Mr. Mac. I'm bossing this job and you have got to do just as I say."

The old man obeyed, but his hands trembled so that he could scarcely button the coat.

"They have started after us," said Joe, presently.

"That's right," replied John Jacks. "I hear them. Well, it was to be expected. They haven't caught us yet, though, and thank goodness they can't use the bloodhounds on us so long as we stick to the boat."

"They will overtake us," said Old 33, after listening a moment. "Something must be done. John Jacks, do you know this swamp at all?"

"Not at all, sir. I never went out with the turpentine gang. I don't know the first blessed thing about it, and that's the fact."

"And I know almost as little," replied Old 33. "I was a total stranger in this part of the country when I was arrested fifty odd years ago, and as I never went out of the prison in all that time, of course I have had no chance to learn about it since."

Right here was where Joe came in.

"I know all about it," he said, proudly. "I was raised around hyar."

"Good!" cried Old 33. "Boy, how far is it to the sea?"

"Three miles."

"How far is it from the point where we strike the coast to Ten Day Island?"

"Ten Day Island! Why that's five miles down the coast, and three miles out from land!"

"Yes, yes! You know it, I see. Were you ever there?"

"No. There don't nobody live on Ten Day Island. Tain't safe. The sea washes right over it sometimes."

"What! What!" cried Old 33, his voice rising almost to a shriek. "The sea washes over Ten Day Island? It didn't use to. Don't tell me that, boy! Don't tell me that! Oh, what if it should be true!"

(To be continued)



## FROM ALL POINTS

Cracksmen carted a 200-pound safe from the residence of August Nex into a box car at the Lake Shore yards, Toledo, O., 500 feet away, where they blew it open and escaped with \$175. The robbery occurred while the members of the family were asleep.

Despite the fact that his left leg was broken between ankle and knee, Stanley Krokoloski, a Polish farmer of Loup City, Neb., dragged himself 100 feet to a thicket by a creek. There he cut two crutches with his knife, and upon these managed to drag himself half a mile to the home of his brother, where he received medical treatment. To add to his discomfort, a blizzard was raging at the time and the mercury was below zero. The farmer had been in town and was on his way home when his team ran away and threw him out of his wagon.

The only lacrosse stick factory in the world is located at Cornwall, Ontario, according to a consular report from that place. The game originated in that region, and the Indians thereabout have special skill in whittling the handles of the sticks. The factory employs ten Indians, most of whom will work only in winter. Three-fourths of the product is consumed in Canada, the rest going to the United Kingdom, Australia, and New Zealand, except about one per cent. which is sent to the United States—principally to the Carlisle Indian School and Ithaca, N. Y. About \$2,000 worth of hickory wood for the sticks is annually imported from the United States, while the gut comes from England.

Alfred Schweizer and four others, including a woman sixty years old, who started housekeeping on December 31 before the door of the Government Land Office in the Federal Building, Spokane, Wash., were rewarded by filing on the land they have been cultivating. Forty-five other settlers who took their places before the Land Office door have filed either on lands on which they have lived or on lands claimed by those who had been before the door for fifteen days. The Northern Pacific Railway, which has a claim on lien lands and which was feared by certain homesteaders, did not file on its claims until late in the day. The land on which the settlers filed is located in Stevens County, Washington, and is opened for the first time for filing.

Canon Hannay (George A. Birmingham), of London, England, tells the story of how an Irish family named O'Flaherty are to be benefitted by the proprietor of a New York magazine. The magazine proprietor was traveling, with his little daughter, across the Atlantic. The girl wrote her name and address on a piece of paper, put it in a bottle, and threw it into the sea in midocean. The bottle was picked up on the coast of Ireland by a peasant named O'Flaherty, who sent a letter to the magazine proprietor asking for help, owing to his poverty.

Canon Hannay, at the request of the New Yorker, investigated and confirmed O'Flaherty's story, so the peasant, who is still unaware of his good luck, will receive a substantial gift of money from the New Yorker.

Because she was forced to don man's attire and shovel snow to earn a livelihood for herself and her two small children, Mamie, ten, and William, sixteen months, Mrs. Margaret Bennings, thirty, who made the foregoing complaint to Humane Officer David, of Denver, requested the arrest of her husband, Benjamin C. Bennings, for non-support and cruelty to his children. According to Mrs. Bennings, her husband has not worked since October. She says she was forced to wear his clothes and shovel snow from the sidewalks in the vicinity of her home, No. 128 Steele street, to earn money with which to buy food for herself and her hungry children. She declares her husband was cruel to her and the children, often struck her, and threatened to turn them out of the house. Bennings was arrested, charged with cruelty.

Leach Cross, the lightweight boxer, who is a dentist when he is not fighting, met two friends at the station at Lakewood, N. J., the other day, and, as usual, they were besieged by hackmen. The three men started off to their hotel with a porter carrying their grips, when a cabman stopped them and said that they had ordered his cab. A dispute followed in which the lightweight took exception to the language of the hackman. As the cabman did not moderate his expressions Cross, after warning him, knocked him down. Friends of the cabman gathered and threatened Cross with bricks, monkey wrenches, and whips. He took to his heels and the mob followed him. The chase lasted for more than a block, when the pugilist entered a drug store and telephoned Police Headquarters. Later a policeman appeared to escort Cross back to his hotel.

George Brown, motorman on the St. Johns-Lansing car of the Michigan United Traction Co., has brought suit against the city of St. Johns for \$10,000. A rat, a steel roof and Brown's leg are inextricably mixed in the declaration, which is on file in the Clinton Circuit Court here. Brown sets forth that while he was walking up Clinton avenue one evening last June, a large gray rat leaped out ahead of him and bolted behind some articles set out by a hardware store. Brown joined the chase. Just as the rat seemingly was cornered a section of steel roofing which was standing in front of the store, tipped over and snapped the bones of his leg. He holds the city responsible for permitting the roofing to stand on the walk. In its answer the city points out that Brown was an employee of the M. U. T., and not of the city of St. Johns; that he "had never been hired or engaged to chase rats for the said city, and that he engaged in the chase on his own initiative and responsibility, with the result that the accident was his fault, and not the fault of the municipality."



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## ITEMS OF CURRENT NEWS

The Newfoundland reindeer herds, established five years ago by Dr. Grenfell, have proved as great a success in Newfoundland and Labrador as have the herds of the United States Bureau of Education in Alaska, where the pioneer experiments were made. The original herd of 300 Lapland reindeer has now increased to over 1,200. In northern Newfoundland and in Labrador there are few horses or dogs for haulage purposes, while the Labrador dogs are vicious brutes which attack and devour even human beings. Harnessed to a sled, two reindeer will pull 500 to 700 pounds 30 miles a day, and they are also successful as pack-animals, carrying loads up to 200 pounds. The other economic uses of the reindeer are well known. After another season it is proposed to distribute the animals to the mission stations in Labrador, where eventually the Alaskan practice of lending small herds to the natives will probably be adopted.

When Mrs. Kate Rinhardt, janitress of the tenement at 133 Orchard street, New York, picked up three pieces of fine wire with odd little caps attached to them a week or so ago, she put them away with the idea that they might be useful. Christian Bishop, who has boarded with the Rinhardts for eighteen years, tried to utilize the wires the other day in repairing a scoop with which pretzels and doughnuts are removed from the oven by bakers. He picked at one of the caps, and in the explosion which followed the thumb, middle finger, and index finger of his left hand were blown off. The whole tenement was shaken, and the frightened occupants fled to the street. Bishop was rushed to Gouverneur Hospital, where his wounds were dressed. His right hand was lacerated too. Just what sort of explosive was in the caps the police could not determine. How the mysterious bits of wire came to be lying about the premises, Mrs. Reinhardt could not explain.

A burial place of the Stone Age has just been found by Professor Dall Osso of Ancona in the Valle Vibrata, Province of the Abruzzi, Italy. The bodies are not really buried, but are all laid in small cabins containing from two to eight each, and are ranged along either wall on

low platforms sloping toward the center. With a single exception the bodies all rest on one side, with the knees drawn up, and it is assumed that the dead were placed in this position to give them the attitude of prayer in their death chamber, for it has been established that the custom of praying on the knees was already in existence in the Stone Age in Egypt. In one of the cabins, almost in the center of the group, there are no bodies, but a big circular hearth, around which, it is assumed from the quantities of bones of animals and fragments of broken earthenware found there, the funeral banquets were held. The others found in the cabins with the bodies have remarkable importance from the archaeological point of view, as they prove the existence of a degree of civilization, especially as regards vases and such utensils, never hitherto observed in the Neolithic Age.

## JOKES AND JESTS.

Wife (bitterly)—How can you talk that way? You know that I never pester you for money. Hub—No, but the people you buy things from do.

"What does your husband do all the time? I never see him about." "He acts for the movies." "But in spare moments?" "Then he goes to see himself act."

"I am telling you the truth when I say that I was much happier when I was poor than I am now." "Then why don't you let your millions go and be poor again?"

"Mamma, if people upset the salt-cellar, they have a quarrel, don't they?" "Yes, dear." "And if they don't upset the salt they don't quarrel, do they?" "No, darling; but why do you ask?" "Well, it wasn't the salt-cellar I upset; it was the ink pot."

"My gracious, boy," said the uncle, "you do certainly eat an awful lot for a little boy." "Well, sir," replied the boy, "maybe I'm not so little as I look from the outside."

"I knew you were coming to-night to call on my sister," said Willie. "How did you know?" inquired Mr. Staylate. "Because Sis has been asleep all the afternoon."

Mrs. Youngwife—I want to get some salad. Dealer—Yes'm. How many heads? Mrs. Youngwife—Oh, goodness! I thought you took the heads off. I just want plain chicken salad.

Mrs. Naggerlot—Don't you think it very selfish of my husband not to make a will? Mr. Bluntly—Well, to tell you the truth, madam, I don't think he's had one of his own since he married.

"They say that when an ostrich is surprised he hides his head in the sand." "I wish to thunder he'd everlastingly hide his tail there," observed the man who had just settled a blood-curdling millinery bill.



## THE YOUNG TRAPPER.

By Kit Clyde.

Aleck and his father had been trapping in the winter of 1873 in the depths of the woods, not far from the "divide" between the streams which flow north into Hudson Bay and those which flow south into the St. Lawrence.

It was sixty miles or more to the uppermost of the French villages.

They had a winter camp where they made their headquarters and stored their skins, and from this camp Aleck started, one afternoon in March—toward the last of their trapping season—to go to Bentley House, a trading post seventy miles away, with a pack of martin skins, weighing forty pounds or more, on his back.

He did not use snow-shoes, for there had recently been a thaw which had settled the snow, and as cold weather followed, a hard crust had been formed, making excellent walking in the fir woods, entirely free as they are from underbrush.

With the pack on his back it would take over two days to walk to the trading post, and Aleck was therefore obliged to be in the woods two nights.

After some hesitation he decided not to take a gun, which would add an unwieldly ten pounds to his already heavy load—there being ordinarily no wild animals in the woods through which he would pass which he stood in much fear of.

He and his father had, moreover, but a few charges of powder left from their winter stock.

The first night out Aleck camped, after a fashion peculiar to such woodsmen, in a selter formed on one side by an upturned fir-tree root, and on the other by long green fir boughs which he stood up against the root.

His fire was at the foot of it, and his bed of boughs laid on the ground, from which he had cleared off the snow.

Thus protected, he heated on the coals his supper of bread and meat, and made a tea in a dipper from melted snow water; and though the air outside was sharp, he lay down, feeling very comfortable, and soon fell asleep.

Late in the night he was aroused suddenly from his sleep by a big cold nose thrust directly down upon his face.

Some creature had pushed its muzzle through the fir boughs over his head, which, in the position in which he lay, was close to the side of the shed.

Though fully awake in a second, Aleck did not dare to stir lest the beast should seize him with its teeth.

The creature sniffed at his face several times, then out came its big rough tongue, and licked his mouth and nose.

Aleck could not endure that; so drawing in his breath, he gave a loud puff, with all his force, right in the creature's nostrils.

The animal leaped back astonished, for it may have taken our young friend for a dead man.

In an instant Aleck jumped up and seized his hatchet, but heard his unseasonable visitor run off, breaking through the snow-crust at every spring.

From the way it sniffed he had little doubt that it was a bear which the recent warm rain had roused from its winter den; and well knowing the famished, ravenous

condition it was probably in, he sat up watching and listening till daylight.

He did not see the midnight visitor while he was getting his breakfast.

As soon as it was fairly light he started on his journey again with his big pack.

The forenoon was cloudy, and by nine o'clock it began to snow, the flakes scattered and large at first, but growing thicker and finer ere long, so that our young woodsman was obliged to get out his compass in order to keep his course, which was in part, however, along a line spotted by his father the previous autumn.

Toward noon he thought that he heard two or three times the snow-crust break at a distance behind him, and began to surmise that some animal was following him, though he had not been able to see if his apprehensions were correct.

This was partly on account of the storm and partly from the closeness of the tree trunks.

At length he determined to know what had caused the noise, and, stepping behind a bush, he waited for five minutes or more, when he caught sight of a large bear, which he had no doubt was the one that had roused him so unceremoniously the night before, though the creature's hair was so full of snow that it was difficult at first to tell what it was.

The bear was following cautiously on his track, stopping after every step to smell and listen.

Aleck yelled at him, and then went on, thinking the old fellow would become tired from his long walk, and would give it up of his own accord before night.

He saw nothing of the bear during the short time he stopped to eat his cold lunch, an hour or so later, but he had not been walking very long after that before he heard the crust break again.

This gave him the first real feeling of uneasiness he had experienced in regard to his pursuer.

For though a bear or panther may at first follow a man very shyly, if hunger prompts it to keep on his track for many hours, it grows bolder, and finally attacks its prey.

Aleck knew this, and hence felt some apprehension when he found the bear had followed him all the afternoon.

By nightfall he knew it would be likely to attack him.

He thought that he had better try at once to frighten the creature from his track; so, after passing some thick hemlock, he made a long leap sideways, to the left, behind a very large spruce trunk, and stood still there, concealed.

In a few minutes the bear came in sight, covered with snow and steaming.

It was following on Aleck's tracks in the snow, carrying its head down like a hog.

On it shuffled, till, coming up to the point where Aleck had leaped aside and the track seemingly ceased, it stopped short, partly raising its eyes covertly ahead.

At this point, and before it had time to glance about, Aleck jumped from behind the spruce right at the creature, and uttered the loudest and shrillest yell he was capable of. He says the bear jumped three feet off the snow, and gave a howl that would have matched his own.

Then it whirled and ran, while Aleck, as well as he could for laughing, sent yell upon yell after his now astounded and fleeing foe.

A wild animal may often be frightened off by this



trick, and from the way this bear ran Aleck hoped he had seen the last of him.

But the rabidly hungry brute probably did not run far, for our young trapper with his heavy pack had not gone on for more than half an hour longer, when again he heard that familiar but ominous crushing of the crust behind.

"I knowed then," said Aleck, "that I had got to have it out with him; for if you try to scare a creature that way, and he picks up his courage again, you had a sight better let him alone, for now he's sort o' mad at himself for having got skeered. I knowed by his following me so long that the old chap wanted me bad, and that he meant to keep after me till dark.

"The storm drove so, too, that if I did not nearly perish I should have to make a winter bunk with boughs under the snow to sleep in—just the thing for that old ranger to dig me out of in the night."

Under such circumstances, our young trapper determined to come to terms with the "ranger," and settle at once the question as to who should eat the other.

He now wished most fervently that he had taken his gun.

His only weapon was his hatchet.

With it he cut a heavy green stick, then went on to a favorable place, past a low fir clump, when he again leaped aside behind a great swamp maple, and glided from that behind a large fir six or eight paces aside.

Reaching the fir he dropped off his pack, and grasping his hatchet firmly in his right—or throwing—hand, stood waiting.

Immediately he saw the ranger coming persistently on, with its nose in the tracks as before.

Just as the creature came to the end of his tracks, Aleck began to chirrup with his lips, as to a dog or horse, at which the bear pricked up his ears, raised his nose from out the snow, and seeing Aleck, fixed his eyes steadily on him, growled and stood his ground.

Stepping partly out from behind the tree, Aleck now swung his arms, as if he were pawing the air.

Seeing which, the bear made a noise halfway betwixt a whine and a roar, and rising on his hind feet, imitated with his fore-paws the motions which Aleck was making.

That was his challenge to combat, for though not yet savage enough to rush on the young hunter, he was not afraid of him.

Observing the beast's mood, Aleck moved a step toward it, still pawing the air, though in doubt whether he had better risk throwing his hatchet, and thus lose his hold of it, or use it at close quarters.

Well knowing what an ugly creature a large bear is, hand to hand, he determined to venture all on his skill.

Yet there was the chance that, thrown ever so deftly, the bear might knock the flying weapon aside with his paw.

The distance now separating them was thirty-five or forty feet only.

Making several feints, Aleck noted the manner in which the creature warded with his paws, then, collecting all his strength, and fixing his eye upon the spot on the bear's exposed neck which he most wished to strike, he launched the heavy hatchet with a single muscular impulse.

But the beast marked the motion and warded smartly—not quite quick and high enough, however.

The thin, sharp outer point of the whirling blade cut deep into the left side of its neck just below the under jaw.

Aleck saw the blood start as the hatchet fell into the snow—then he scudded from one tree to another at his handsomest paces, hearing a loud growl in his rear as the bear bounded toward him.

But finding after he had run some distance that the animal was not getting very close, he turned, and discovered that it was standing still among the firs, swaying its head to and fro.

After a while he ventured to go round in its rear and pick up his hatchet, when he saw that the animal was bleeding freely.

It lay very quietly down in the course of ten or fifteen minutes, and was soon helpless.

An hour later Aleck had a bough shed to shelter him from the storm, and was burning down a fine bed of glowing coals to broil a bear-steak over, making quite a show of comfort, even there alone in the wintry forest.

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Much interest has been aroused at Birmingham, Ala., by the discovery of a rarely tinted uncut diamond on the surface of the ground near Cook Springs, in St. Clair County, a few miles from Birmingham. It is the fourth uncut diamond found in that part of the State, and it is believed that in the great coal fields of this State lie deposits of other carbon in its most highly crystalized form. This diamond is of delicate greenish tint, different from any known field, according to one of the experts who examined it and offered to buy it for his collection of rare stones. The finding of this diamond brought an official inquiry to a local jeweler from the United States Geological Survey, asking for all the details as to the exact location of the stone. Strange to say, the diamond has been lying around the home of a St. Clair farmer for eight years. It was brought to the jeweler's attention by J. E. Isbell, the farmer. He found it while he was selecting trees for a lumber concern. He noticed a sparkle at his feet, but passed on, thinking it was turpentine drip. A second impulse caused him to turn back, and he picked up what he took to be a pretty specimen of ordinary rock crystal and carried it home. He put it on his emery wheel and the stone cut a groove through the adamantine hardness of the emery. The stone was sent to George F. Kunz, of New York, an expert and owner of a collection of rare stones. Kunz declared it is a very pretty diamond crystal of unusual tint, and asked if it was for sale. The local jeweler purchased it from the farmer, and the two, with two others, drew up a partnership agreement under which financial backing is to be furnished with which to investigate the soil and develop it if conditions warrant such action. One of the uncut diamonds discovered in Alabama is now in the collection of J. P. Morgan. The stone found in St. Clair County is of remarkable brilliancy, rivaling in beauty the pure white diamonds with polished facets. Its tint is very delicate greenish blue, something like that of an aquamarine. It weighs two and four-tenths carats. Its value is considerably higher than that of a pure white diamond. Efforts will be made to investigate the location and ascertain if it contains a diamond bed.



## GOOD READING

Captain Scott's journals, kept by him during his antarctic expedition, have been deposited by Lady Scott in the British Museum, where they have been on view since January 17th, the second anniversary of Scott's arrival at the South Pole. They comprise the three small, pencil-written books that were found on the explorer's body by the searching party in November, 1912.

Miss Emma Boughner, a young girl, compelled a gang of workmen employed by the West Virginia Traction and Electric Company of Morgantown, W. Va., to lose a half-day's work when she jumped into a hole they had dug in order to erect a pole in front of her father's home. After waiting for several hours for the girl to leave the hole the foreman decided to place the pole at another place.

The seventeenth dreadnought for the German navy was launched at Kiel, Germany, February 21 and named "Kronprinz" by the Crown Princess Cecilie. The Crown Prince, who was to have delivered an address, was prevented from attending the ceremony by illness. He has not yet completely recovered from the attack of tonsillitis which caused him to be confined to bed on February 16, by order of his physicians. Prince Henry of Prussia therefore acted as his substitute. The "Kronprinz" is to be the last German dreadnought to carry 12-inch guns.

The manner in which the Japanese have developed the discovery of Dr. Mikimoto, a well-known scientist, that pearl oysters could be made by artificial means to produce their gems, is described in *The Graphic*, London. The new industry has already attained such proportions that valuable crops of pearls are regularly harvested and placed upon the market. They are in every sense of the word true pearls, as beautiful as those obtained in the ordinary way. One strange feature of the industry is that the work of gathering the pearls is done by women divers.

In the Philippines, as in Japan, sulphur is found in connection with extinct or dying volcanoes. In places one encounters small cones of nearly pure sulphur built up around vents from which have issued and in some cases still issue sulphurous gases. Sulphur is also found permeating the volcanic rocks in the neighborhood of these vents. It is quite possible that boring in and about volcanic regions in the Philippines will disclose important quantities of sulphur-permeated rock. When the sulphur content is not less than 8 or 10 per cent., such material can be worked profitably where labor and transportation conditions are favorable.

It is estimated that the bandits led by "White Wolf" massacred 1,300 men, women and children when they sacked Liuanchow, Province of Ngan-hwei, on January 29. On that occasion they murdered Father Rich, a

French Jesuit missionary, and captured and held two others for ransom. An army of 25,000 Chinese troops is now converging on "White Wolf's" vicinity of Cheng Yang-Kwan, further to the north in the same province. "White Wolf" there has a force of 2,000 bandits, half of whom are armed with modern rifles. The opinion is expressed here that unless the opportunity is seized of exterminating "White Wolf" and his followers they will form the center for another rebellion. The troops show a strong disinclination to come to close quarters with the bandits.

Charged with writing to President Wilson and threatening to destroy Washington, "if conditions are not bettered in this country," George Bernhardt, a chef, of 67 Mitchell Street, West Orange, was arrested in bed the other morning by Detective Bernard Heslin and Patrolman Harry Dangler. For the last four months a number of letters, post-marked Orange, East Orange, and Newark, and signed "God's Son," have been sent to the President warning him that if he "didn't get busy and fix things in this country and make it worth living in," he would "know what's what." Secret Service men took up the case, and on the advice of Chief of Police Bamford arrested Bernhardt. He admitted his guilt, and expressed the hope that his arrest "might wake the President up." Three years ago the chef was arrested after escaping from an insane asylum near Philadelphia. He was held for thirty days in the County Jail, but as he was a lunatic he could not be extradited. Arraigned before Police Recorder Thomas McLaughlin the other day he pleaded guilty to having sent the letters, and was held in \$1,000 bail to await the action of the Federal authorities.

A remarkable engineering feat will be accomplished when the water is sent through a seventeen-foot tube running from the Ashokan reservoir, in the Catskill Mountains, New York State, to supply New York City, 127 miles away. The Catskill Aqueduct, as the enterprise is known, has been declared by many to be an exploit far exceeding the Panama Canal, because, whereas the canal meant digging dirt and dredging channels, the building of the aqueduct necessitated piercing mountains, undermining rivers, traversing deep and broad valleys, and tunneling through the bowels of New York City from end to end. When the water first enters the 127-mile tube it will take three days to reach New York City. The aqueduct will have a flow of 500,000,000 gallons per day, and has a reservoir capacity of 900,000,000 gallons to be used in case of fire. The Ashokan Reservoir, where most of the water is stored, is built in the heart of the Catskills. To create this reservoir, seven villages were razed and 2,000 people were moved, eleven miles of railroad torn up, sixty-four miles of road discontinued, forty miles of new highway laid, and ten new bridges built. The whole undertaking has cost \$175,000,000.



## ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

### WIFE A DETECTIVE.

The authorities of Columbus University, New York, are on the watch for a band of smooth talking young men, representing themselves as Columbia students earning their way through college by selling magazine subscriptions. The "student," according to his story, has to sell 5,000 subscriptions for a magazine at 50 cents or maybe more apiece in order to get a full four years' scholarship in Columbia. Sometimes he is in the college and sometimes in the engineering or law school, but he rarely departs without getting the subscription. The magazine never comes.

It is understood that one who was asked to subscribe is the wife of a dean in the university, and that she, as detective, got a lot of valuable information out of the supposed agent before she let him go.

### MOVING BOG.

A quaking mass of bog several square miles in area is on the move in the neighborhood of Carrick-on-Shannon, Ireland, and the panic-stricken inhabitants of the countryside are fleeing before the threatening disaster. The bog slide has been brought about by abnormal rains. Many thousands of acres in the counties of Galway, Leitrim and Roscommon are submerged and the roads are impassable except in boats. The people in many instances have been isolated from communication with their neighbors, owing to the Shannon breaking its banks.

The flooded stream is carrying many carcasses of cattle and other livestock, while haystacks and outhouses as well as farm implements have been washed away.

The shifting bog bears the appearance of a treacherous morass broken up by huge fissures filled with water. Desperate efforts are being made to drain away enough of the water to check the advance of the mass, but the Shannon is so swollen that great difficulty is found in stemming its progress.

It is not unusual for this bog—part of the great Bog of Allen, that stretches almost clear across the center of Ireland—to "move." A few years ago a section of it traveled nearly half a mile in the region of the Suck of Castlerea. It carried along with it churches and houses and there was quite a panic, but the bog didn't sink after all.

### THE BATTLE-PRACTICE TARGET.

A modern battle-practice target consists of a submerged hull carrying a comparatively light superstructure. The superstructure of the target is thirty feet high by sixty feet long. Its height is therefore approximately the average height of a battleship above its water-line. The length is about one-tenth of the overall length of a modern dreadnought. The hull, or raft, is built up solid of 12-inch by 12-inch timbers, strongly bolted together; and it measures in length over all about 110 feet, in width about

5 feet 6 inches, in depth about 15 feet. The bottom of the hull is ballasted and to each end is attached a heavy chain bridle, to which is made fast the towing hawser. The superstructure above the deck of the raft (the latter is ordinarily about awash) is the target proper. It consists of a number of stout uprights, across which is nailed a series of horizontal battens or strips of wood. Over this is drawn a net of rather coarse mesh, which is hauled up to the top of the uprights and then drawn taut by blocks and tackle attached to the bolt rope at the bottom of the net and to the deck. The target is towed, usually, by a battleship, the distance from the ship to the target being ordinarily between three and four hundred yards. The ship that does the firing steams past the target, either in the same or the opposite direction to that in which the target is being towed, and "lets fly" at it. On the quarter deck of the towing ship is a group of officers who observe the fall of the shot. The splash of these is photographed, and, latterly, moving picture machines have been utilized to show exactly what takes place. After a ship has fired, the "seamen" lower a boat, row over to the raft, and take down the net, which is then spread out on the deck of the firing ship and the number of holes is counted.

### BEE STINGS FOR RHEUMATISM.

It has long been known that bee stings are of great value in the treatment of rheumatism. The poison which a bee injects into your body when it stings you not only relieves the rheumatic pains and swellings, but makes a person more or less immune to further trouble from the disease. This result is due, it is believed, to the formic acid which is found in large quantities in the bee's venom. Formic acid, as has been shown by experiments with hundreds of cases, is the best of antidotes for the poisons in the system which stiffen the joints and muscles with rheumatism. Now it has been discovered that bee stings are as effective a cure for inebriety as for rheumatism. This important discovery was made quite by accident in a London hospital. Five men were being treated for chronic rheumatism. Four of them had been hard drinkers for years and one was a confirmed drunkard. Bee stings were applied to them and the rheumatic condition promptly subsided. When they were finally discharged they found that the treatment had done more than cure the rheumatism—it had destroyed their taste for alcohol. Even the sight of a drink nauseated them, and since leaving the hospital several months ago not one has touched liquor. The hospital physician, who were as greatly astonished at this unexpected results as their patients, have set on foot a widespread investigation into the effects of bee stings on drunkards to see whether they are an infallible cure for inebriety. Facts already brought to light show that an intoxicated person is quickly sobered by a bee's sting, and that drinking men who take up work among bees, where they are frequently stung, soon lose their old craving for alcohol.

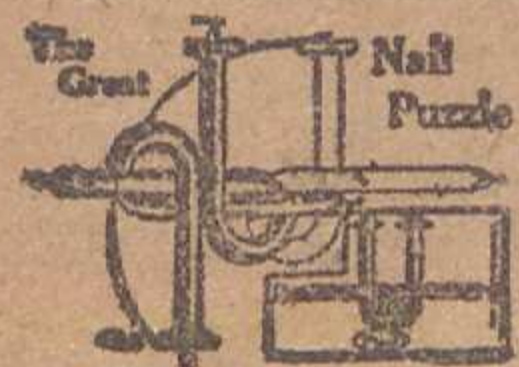


## LITTLE CLINCHERS



With a pair of these creepers clinched on your shoes you can defy the slipperiest ice or snow. No matter how slippery the road or how steep the hill, these claws of steel will carry you safely over them. A child can adjust them in 30 seconds. No nails, straps, screws or rivets are needed. They will not injure your shoes. No need to remove them indoors—simply fold the heel-plate forward, reversing the spikes under the instep. They are comfortable, durable and invisible. Just the thing for postmen, golfers, hunters, woodsmen, brakemen, miners and all who would insure life and limb in winter weather. 25 cents a pair, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



## NAIL PUZZLE.

Made of 2 metal nails linked together. Keeps folks guessing; easy to take them apart when you know how. Directions with every one.

Price, 6c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

## MAGIC COINER.



A mystifying and amusing trick. Tin blanks are placed under the little tin cup and apparently coined into dimes. A real money-maker.

Price, 20c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City

## ITCH POWDER.



Gee whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch.

It will make him scratch, rear, squirm and make faces. But it is perfectly harmless, as it is made from the seeds of wild roses. The horrible itch stops in a few minutes, or can be checked immediately by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth. While it is working, you will be apt to laugh your suspender buttons off. The best joke of all. Price 10 cents a box, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

## MUSICAL SEAT



The best joke out. You can have more fun than a circus, with one of these novelties. All you have to do is to place one on a chair seat (hidden under a cushion, if possible). Then tell your friend to sit down. An unearthly

shriek from the little round drum will send your victim up in the air, the most puzzled and astonished mortal on earth. Don't miss getting one of these genuine laugh producers. Perfectly harmless, and never misses doing its work.

Price 20 cents each, by mail, post-paid  
WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

## GOOD LUCK GUN FOB



The real western article, carried by the cowboys. It is made of fine leather, with a highly nicked buckle. The holster contains a metal gun, of the same pattern as those used by all the most famous scouts. Any boy wearing one of these fobs will attract attention. It will give him an air of western romance. The prettiest and most serviceable watch fob ever made. Send for one to-day. Price 20 cents each by mail postpaid.

M. V. GALLIGAN,  
419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

## THE FOUNTAIN RING.



A handsome ring connected with a rubber ball which is concealed in the palm of the hand. A gentle squeeze forces water or cologne in the face of the victim while he is examining it. The ball can be instantly filled by immersing ring in water same as a fountain pen filler. Price by mail, postpaid, 12c. each.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

## DELUSION TRICK.



A magic little box in three parts that is very mystifying to those not in the trick. A coin placed on a piece of paper disappears by dropping a nickel ring around it from the magic box. Made of hard wood two inches in diameter. Price, 12c.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

## ROUGH AND READY TUMBLERS.



These lively acrobats are handsomely decorated with the U. S. flag and with gold and silver stars and hearts. Upon placing them upon any flat surface and tilting it they at once begin a most wonderful performance, climbing and tumbling over each other and chasing each other in every direction, as if the evil spirit was after them, causing roars of laughter from the spectators. They actually appear imbued with life. What causes them to cut up such antics is a secret that may not be known even to the owner of the unruly subjects. If you want some genuine fun send for a set of our tumblers.

Price per set 10c. mailed, postpaid.

A. A. WARFORD, 16 Hart St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Absolutely true to Nature! A dandy scarf-pin and a rattling good joke. It is impossible to do these pins justice with a description. You have to see them to understand how lifelike they are. When people see them on you they want to brush them off. They wonder "why that fly sticks to you" so persistently. This is the most realistic novelty ever put on the market. It is a distinct ornament for anybody's necktie, and a decided joke on those who try to chase it.

Price, 10c. by mail postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

## BINGO.



It is a little metal box. It looks very innocent. But it is supplied with an ingenious mechanism which shoots off a harmless cap when it is opened. You can have more fun than a circus with this new trick. Place the BINGO in or under

any article and it will go off when the article is opened or removed. It can be used as a funny joke by being placed in a purse, cigarette box or between the leaves of a magazine, also, under any movable article, such as a book, tray, dish, etc. The BINGO can also be used as a Burglar Alarm or as a Theft Preventer by being placed in a drawer, money till, under a door or window, or under any article that would be moved or disturbed should a theft be attempted.

Price 15 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

## YOU ALL WANT THIS MEDAL!

You Can Get One for Six Cents!

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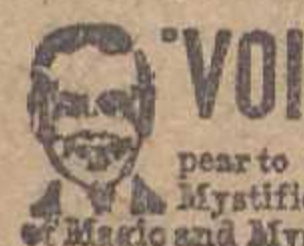
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**Ventriloquist Double Throat**  
Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary, and imitate birds and beasts of the field and forest. Loads of fun. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price: only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents, or 12 for 50 cents. Double Throat Co. Dpt. A Frenchtown, N.J.

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68 SLENDID GAMES, Checkers and Ours with Men, Dominoes, Fox & Geese, 9 Men Morris, Authors--43 cards, 22 Songs, 19 Fun Cards, 48 Magic Tricks, 70 Great Puzzles, 324 Jolly Jokes & Riddles, 68 Money Making Secrets, 12 Love Letters, 175 Ways to Flirt, How to Charm Others, to Tell Fortunes and 500 other things to entertain the entire family all winter. This 50c Package sent for 10 cents. STAR NOVELTY CO., CHICAGO, ILL.



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## NEW TEN-CENT FOUNTAIN PEN.



One of the most peculiar and mystifying pens on the market. It requires no ink. All you have to do is to dip it in water, and it will write for an indefinite period. The secret can only be learned by procuring one, and you can make it a source of both pleasure and amusement by claiming to your friends what it can do and then demonstrating the fact. Moreover, it is a good pen, fit for practical use, and will never leak ink into your pocket, as a defective fountain pen might do.

Price, 10c. each by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

## JUMPING TELESCOPE.



This is an oblong tube in exact imitation of a telescope. By looking through it, reveals one highly magnified picture of a dancer or other subject. It contains on the side a button, which the victim is told to press for a change of picture. Instead of another picture appearing, the entire inside part shoots out, as shown in illustration. It is entirely harmless, but gives the victim a genuine scare.

Price, 15c. each; 2 for 25c. by mail, postpaid.  
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### STAR AND CRESCENT PUZZLE.

The puzzle is to separate the one star from the linked star and crescent without using force. Price by mail, postpaid 10c.; 3 for 25c.

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29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

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Fool Your Friends.—The greatest novelty of the age! Have a joke which makes everybody laugh. More fun than any other novelty that has been shown in years. Place it on a desk, tablecloth, or any piece of furniture, as shown in the above cut, near some valuable papers, or on fine wearing apparel. Watch the result! Oh, Gee! Price, 15c. each, postpaid. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

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A wonderful illusion. To all appearances it is an ordinary dagger which you can flourish around in your hand and suddenly state that you think you have lived long enough and had better commit suicide, at the same time plunging the dagger up to the hilt into your breast or side, or you can pretend to stab a friend or acquaintance. Of course your friend or yourself are not injured in the least, but the deception is perfect and will startle all who see it. Price, 10c., or 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

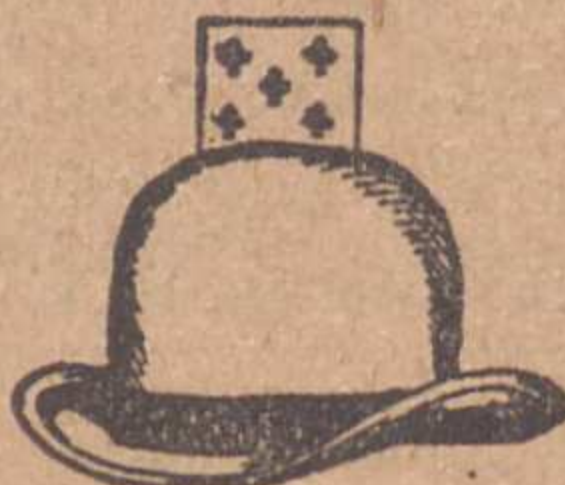


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Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nicked brass. It holds just One Dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

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### CARD THROUGH THE HAT TRICK.



With this trick you barrow a hat, and apparently shove a card up through the crown, without injuring the card or hat. The operation can be reversed, the performer seemingly pushing the card down through the crown into the hat again. It is a trick which will puzzle and interest the closest observer and detection is almost impossible. It is so simple that a child can learn how to perform it in a few minutes. Price 10 cents each, by mail, post-paid H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### COMICAL RUBBER STAMPS.



A complete set of five grotesque little people made of indestructible rubber mounted on black walnut blocks. The figures consist of Policeman, Chinaman, and other laughable figures as shown in pictures. As each figure is mounted on a separate block, any boy can set up a regular parade or circus by printing the figures in different positions. With each set of figures we send a bottle of colored ink, an ink pad and full instructions. Children can stamp these pictures on their toys, picture books, writing paper and envelopes, and they are without doubt the most amusing and entertaining novelty gotten up in years. Price of the complete set of Rubber Stamps, with ink and ink pad, only 10c., 3 sets for 25c., one dozen 90c., by mail postpaid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



**ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON.**—The base is made of maple, and the center piece of black walnut, the whole thing about 1 1/4 inches in diameter, with a metal hook on the back so that it may be slipped over edge of the vest pocket. Expose to view your New Electric Bell, when your friend will push the button expecting to hear it ring. As soon as he touches it, you will see some of the liveliest dancing you ever witnessed. The Electric Button is heavily charged and will give a smart shock when the button is pushed. Price 10c., by mail, postpaid.

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A great Sensational Trick of the Day! With the Fire Eater in his possession any person can become a perfect salamander, apparently breathing fire and ejecting thousands of brilliant sparks from his mouth, to the horror and consternation of all beholders. Harmless fun for all times, seasons and places. If you wish to produce a decided sensation in your neighborhood don't fail to procure one. We send the Fire Eater with all the materials, in a handsome box, the cover of which is highly ornamented with illustrations in various colors. Price of all complete only 15c., or 4 boxes for 50c., mailed postpaid; one dozen by express \$1.20.

N. B.—Full printed instructions for performing the trick accompany each box, which also contains sufficient material for giving several exhibitions.

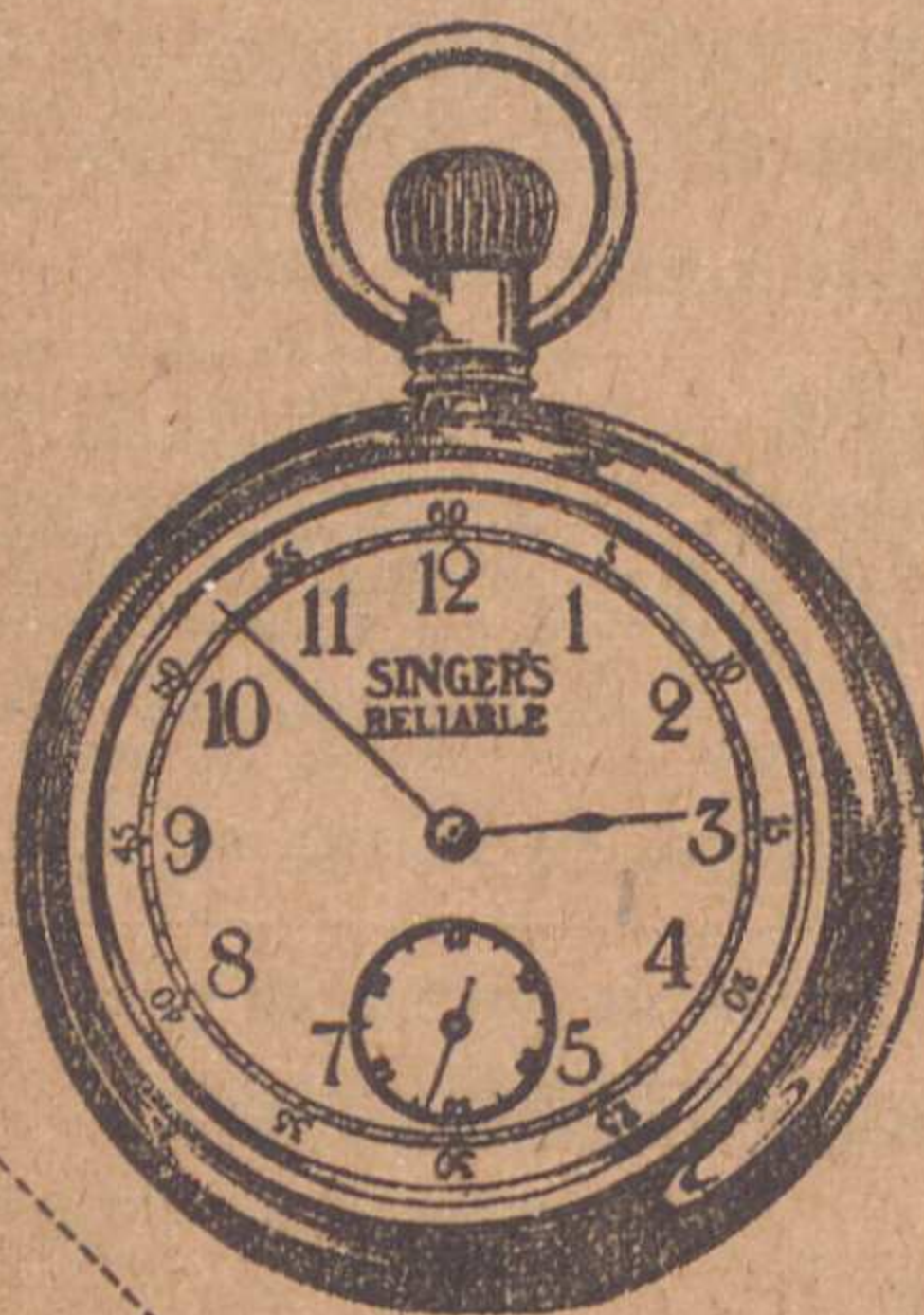
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### DUPLEX BICYCLE WHISTLE.



This is a double whistle, producing loud but very rich, harmonious sounds, entirely different from ordinary whistles. It is just the thing for bicyclists or sportsmen, its peculiar double and resonant tones at once attracting attention. It is an imported whistle, handsomely nickel plated, and will be found a very useful and handy pocket companion. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c.; one dozen, 75c., sent by mail, postpaid.

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Face

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It is American-made, open face, stem wind and set, and will run from 30 to 36 hours with one winding. The movement is the same size as an expensive railroad timepiece, absolutely accurate, and each one is guaranteed. The cases are made in Gold Plate, Polished Nickel, Gun-metal with Gilt center and plain Gun-metal.

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